HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XVI.—No. 835.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1872. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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EARLY BIRDS; OR, CHRISTMAS MORNING.—[From the Painting by J. O. Eaton, owned by E. W. Clark, Philadelphia.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive gratuitously an EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing the opening chapters of CHARLES READE'S new story,

"THE WANDERING HEIR,"

illustrated in the most effective and attractive manner.

SIGNS.

THOSE who were accustomed to believe every ill story of the President were softened during the campaign to see how effectually the most detailed stories to his prejudice were wholly disproved. And this relenting disposition to believe him not utterly wanting in every requisite for his office, and not entirely without some of the better qualities of human nature, has been undoubtedly confirmed since his re-election.

His interview with Mr. CAMERON, and its results, perhaps suggested to many who had supposed him the mere tool of a clique or ring, and full of hollow pretenses of interest in reform, that the President is not a man to profess persistently a sympathy that he does not feel, and by no means a man to be hoodwinked or managed by others. When it is loudly asserted that the President is surrounded by bad counselors, it should be remembered that any body can advise him, and that he is to be judged not by the counsel that he receives—for which he is not responsible—but by that which he follows. Whoever may be his chief advisers, it is evident, and the interview with Mr. CAMERON showed it very distinctly, that upon one very important subject, at least, he is governed by his own convictions.

The simple and unostentatious manner in which the President attended the funeral of Mr. GREELEY, and his quiet departure from the city, declining the invitation to the reception of his early and fast friend, Mr. WASHBURNE, at the Union League Club, was very characteristic. It was a little thing, but it has produced a very deep impression upon the immediate personal friends and political supporters of Mr. GREELEY. The President, possibly, is no longer in their view merely a stolid, impassible soldier. The letter of Mr. SINCLAIR TOUSEY undoubtedly expresses a very general feeling; and those who voted for Mr. GREELEY will regard more kindly a man who has been of some service to the country, but whom they were disposed to consider a dull, wooden representative of unscrupulous and corrupt administration. Mistaken in their estimate of his personal character and finer sense of propriety, they will probably judge more charitably the general character and purpose of his administration.

The unsolicited nomination of Mr. ORR, of South Carolina, as minister to Russia will be accepted as evidence of two things: that the President has no "hostility" to the section or to the citizens who were in rebellion, and that he is not the ally of the "MOSES" administration in South Carolina. We hope that that administration may be such as to command public respect. But there was a bolt from the convention that nominated the Governor, and an organized movement against his election. This protest was in the interest of honesty and pure administration, and was supported by Senator SAWYER and by Mr. ORR. It was unsuccessful, and an attempt was made to identify the Administration with the successful ticket. The nomination of Mr. ORR would seem to show at least that the Administration is not disposed to discipline him for bolting.

Mr. ORR was a former Speaker of the House of Representatives. He is a South Carolinian who served in the rebel Congress through the war. At its close he relinquished the fight, and accepted the decision which he had invoked. From that moment he has sought faithfully and honorably to restore the prosperity of his State, and has steadily opposed the sullen passivity of the Democracy, and what he believed to be the extravagant and mischievous tendencies of some who had become prominent in the political affairs of the State. He did not seek the position to which the President has nominated him, and its acceptance by him would be a sign of that hearty sympathy and cooperation in the Southern States which are most desirable.

The three acts which we have mentioned, closely following the re-election of the President by so great a majority, with the modest and moderate but firm and tranquil tone of the Message, have unquestionably closely commended General GRANT anew to the respect and confidence of the country. Is it too much to expect that those who sincerely desire the constant elevation of the character of the government should give a cordial and cheerful support to a President who has so clearly shown a wise and generous spirit, instead of coldly watching him with unbelieving eyes and doubtful hearts? Those who are opposed to the generous and progressive spirit will strike when and where they can. Let those who favor it make the President feel that they favor it, and that in going forward he does not go alone.

THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY.

IT is a familiar fact that Dr. FRANKLIN wished that certain high national officers should serve for nothing. Was it that the doctor figured the country as a political Arcadia in which the austerity of republican principles would constantly purify public life, and in which the people would instinctively elect the best of men, who would gladly illustrate their virtue by sacrificing themselves to the general welfare? Or was it that the shrewd man of the world really distrusted the multitude, and thought, under cover of unrewarded public service, to place power in the hands of those who had "a great stake in the country," and who might therefore be supposed to be both intelligent and conservative? It is generally regarded as a Quixotic dream of the Doctor. But of all men of his time he was least given to dreaming: and it is undeniable that high and unpaid offices have been generally filled by men of high character.

But the principle of the President's salary was decided when it was provided in the Constitution that "the President shall at stated times receive for his services a compensation which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive, within that period, any other emolument from the United States, or any of them." The President was to receive a salary sufficient for the modest but still necessarily large expenses of his household. In the nature of things this could not be a permanently fixed sum, and it was because of that knowledge that the sum was not named in the Constitution. The fathers knew that the practical value of a dollar changes, and that a salary which is adequate to moderate needs to-day is inadequate to-morrow. When the President's compensation was fixed at twenty-five thousand dollars it was not, and it was not thought to be, extravagant. It was adequate, and no more, to the proper expenses of his position. And for that very reason it is to-day inadequate.

In that statement lies the argument for an increase of the salary. No one who watches our own situation closely, or who reads history reflectively, can be of the opinion that niggardliness in the payment of public officers is wisdom or economy for the state. Lord BROUGHAM'S sneer at cheap justice is familiar, and the reason commends itself to every man. It is plainly a public misfortune when the best men for magistrates can not afford to be magistrates. It is not necessary that the stated emoluments of the bench should be equal to those of a great lawyer during his full practice. The honor of the office and the permanence of the compensation are vital elements in the question. But the association of cheap and nasty is forced upon us in quarters where it is not only disagreeable but alarming. Moreover, it is the inevitable tendency of parsimony in high official salaries to create a political plutocracy. It is not pleasant to reflect that the best men often can not afford to serve the state, and that a private fortune must be the first and indispensable condition in filling certain important public positions.

The rule of fixing salaries can not, indeed, be rigidly determined. If we say that the salary should be sufficient not to exclude from office any man who is competent to fill it properly, and to enable him to live as he is expected to live, the question will be instantly asked, Expected by whom? The opinion of the Fifth Avenue, in New York, and of Santa Barbara, in California, would probably differ. This kind of question, however, may fairly be left to the general good sense of Congress, which would undoubtedly strike a mean between the extremes that we have named. But in the case of the Chief Magistrate it is evident that the Presidents have hitherto received a sum extravagantly more than was necessary properly to "perform the duties of the office," or that the President now receives an inadequate salary.

We observe in the press some suspicion of the proposition to increase the President's compensation. "To ape the dazzling splendors of royalty," says one journal, "would require a sum far in excess of $100,000, to say nothing of $25,000; and to the masses of the people, who foot all the bills and make and unmake Presidents, republican simplicity is relished far more than monarchical grandeur." The Reverend Mr. Chadband was perpetually inquiring, in a spirit of love, "What is terewth?" but he never happened to mention what it was. We all wish republican simplicity. But is the White House, with a large dining-room, republican simplicity? Is the East Room republican simplicity? Is the greenhouse republican simplicity? This is a kind of reasoning which ends in lodging the President over a grocer's shop. If, says the critic, it is shown that twenty-five thousand dollars is insufficient to enable the President to perform the duties of the office, more will be cheerfully given; but we do not wish to increase the salary "in order that the Chief Magistrate may hold court after the manner of European sovereigns, or so that a four-year term will enable him to retire in the possession of a fortune."

This is the probable scope of the adverse argument; and while every man will cordially agree that extravagance is to be deprecated, he will also undoubtedly think that common-sense is to be encouraged: and as a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars was not too much for a President when that sum was practically very much larger than it is now, it is to be hoped that we shall be as just toward Presidents hereafter as we have been heretofore.

LIBERALISM.

IN a letter to Mr. THURMAN, the chairman of the Democratic caucus of the Senate, Mr. SCHURZ declines to be considered a Democrat, and Mr. SUMNER, according to the *Tribune*, will support such Republican measures as he approves, and oppose those that he disapproves. But we had supposed that this was his general rule of public conduct, as it is that of every honorable man. Is it assumed that Messrs. SUMNER, SCHURZ, TRUMBULL, TIPTON, and FENTON are the only Senators whose official action is in the truest sense independent? Or does any body imagine that those who act with a party are therefore not independent? Political action is necessarily very often an alternative. A Senator must do the best that in his judgment the circumstances permit. No man, certainly, who is worthy of a seat in that illustrious house will deliberately support measures which he believes to be wrong; but with the same certainty he will often support those which do not seem to him altogether expedient, in order to avert results which he considers disastrous, just as he would vote for a candidate who might not be precisely the one that he would have nominated, but whose defeat would be the election of an opponent whose success he would deem to be a calamity.

The "Liberal" Senators certainly can not have been surprised that they were not invited to the Republican caucus. There are now, as there have been always, two parties in the Senate. One of them at the late election nominated and supported one candidate, and the other another. Were those parties fused during the campaign? Have they been fused since? Were they both Republican, or both Democratic? Or have the Senators of either party relinquished in any degree their party connections? It will not be pretended; and therefore the Senators who voted against the Republicans and with the Democrats are properly invited to the caucus of those with whom they worked, and not to that of those whom they opposed. A party is, indeed, a purely voluntary association, but it has certain recognized and accepted methods, without which it could not act as an organized body. What Republican principle has any "Liberal" renounced? was a frequent question during the last six months. It was not a very crushing inquiry, for we knew in the darkest day of the antislavery struggle Democrats who declared that they were sincerely opposed to slavery. But they voted with those who sustained slavery. And when a man was withstanding, as the late coalition did, the natural and progressive and logical political tendency of the country, it was of very little importance what he called himself.

We regret profoundly that Mr. SUMNER proposes to illustrate Liberalism by the resolution to strike the names of the late battles of the Union from its flag. Can he strike their memory from the national heart, or their inspiration and warning from the national history? Can a resolution obliterate the site of Sumter, or, though the waves may have washed the sands away, can an act of Congress paralyze the influence of Wagner? Shall we raze the soldiers' monuments, and plow up Arlington and the national cemeteries? SEDGWICK'S statue at West Point is wrought of cannon taken by his corps. Shall it be hurled into the Hudson River? The battle names are not vindictively set upon the flags. It is not unholy hatred that the figure of the young Union hero at Pittsfield teaches. He fatally misconceives the memorials of the war who supposes that they perpetuate strife and passion. They are preachers of patriotism and high devotion and the peace of States that rests upon justice; and no monuments of any people are of purer suggestion or of more ennobling influence. The time will come, although "Liberalism" may not understand it, when a new South will see and gladly own that the Union victories were of no section and of no State, but of liberty and the true welfare of the whole country.

PATRONAGE AND APPOINTMENTS.

THE Washington *National Republican* says:

"The evils appertaining to the past or political method of appointments consist not so much in giving to the civil service incapable servants as in the fact that dishonest men, under pretext of party devotion, obtained places of trust and power."

The truer statement would be that party devotion and activity are the chief considerations under any system of appointment by patronage, and that both capacity and character are therefore in great measure disregarded.

The *Republican* continues:

"The remedy proposed by the present Civil Service Commission would be more efficacious if the civil service had chiefly suffered from the ignorance of government employés, but it affords few, if any, additional guarantees that dishonest men shall not hereafter be appointed."

As the evils to be remedied arise both from ignorance and dishonesty, the plan adopted by the President proceeds accordingly. It provides the guarantee of careful investigation into the character and antecedents of all applicants, which is the most that any system can provide. The examination is not exclusively nor chiefly literary. Its object is to ascertain what a candidate is, and whether he knows enough for the position; and in both those essential points it differs from a system which virtually appoints because of political recommendations.

The *Republican* concludes:

"In these circumstances the friends of a more honest civil service have not been satisfied with the results of the method established by the Civil Service Commission, but are endeavoring to institute a better and more comprehensive plan, and one more in accordance with the demands of republican institutions."

Nobody certainly will rejoice more in a better method than those who have been most interested in that which the President has adopted. The President himself has constantly stated that any method must be tested by experience, and will, we are very sure, gladly hail "a better and more comprehensive plan." But that a new plan would be more in accordance with the demands of republican institutions is not probable. Nothing can be more truly republican than that the business of the government should be done upon plain and simple business principles, and that while the people decide upon the policy that they prefer, and the officers who shall carry out that policy, the clerical and minor ministerial positions, which have nothing whatever to do with the policy of the government, should be filled in the most economical, honest, and efficient manner.

What is meant by a system more in accord with republican institutions is a system in which the tenure of the minor positions is determined by political considerations. If the office-holders are not turned out whenever an Administration changes, or whenever an influential politician wishes to help himself and gratify his personal friends, it is urged that the officers are an aristocratic class. This was a very common remark in the debates upon Mr. JENCKES'S bill. But the Commission truly say in their report:

"It is true that the offices belong to the people, who are the source of the government itself, and not to those who fill them; but they belong to all the people, not to individuals. The people may and do designate which shall be filled by election and which by appointment. But when once the appointing power is vested, no individual has any right to demand its exercise in his favor unless he can show superior fitness for the duties he seeks to perform. For the country justly expects in the appointed offices the highest character and capacity, for which it pays, and the appointing power is morally bound to take all practicable means that seem to it most likely to ascertain those qualifications. When it is said that to do this, and to insure to the honest and capable officer the same security of tenure that he has elsewhere, is to create a privileged class, it seems to be forgotten that those who now dispense the patronage are already a privileged class, using the promise of patronage to secure for themselves the places which they then use the patronage itself to retain."

The *National Era*, also published in Washington, says that the demand for reform in the civil service, when it proceeds from Republicans, is "an unjust imputation upon the fidelity of the President. It charges him by implication with having grossly neglected his official duty by permitting bad men to be appointed or retained in office." The *Era* forgets that it is the President himself who in every message has called the attention of Congress to the evils of the present system, and who has asked "for all the strength that Congress can give" him, "to enable" him "to carry out the reforms in the civil service recommended by the Commissioners." It is because he brings to his office, as the *Era* says, an earnest and conscientious desire to consult the best interests

of the people that the President would change the system, which the *Era* approves and defends, of political appointments and removals in every little position under government. One thing, however, should be well understood. The civil service must be political, or it must be independent of politics. It can not be both. If political reasons are admitted at all, they will be paramount and controlling.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

THE Presidential electors in Missouri not only scattered their votes for President, but for Vice-President, although the candidate for Vice-President, to choose whom the electors were themselves elected, was living, and is the Governor of their own State. They had an unquestionable constitutional right to do as they did. The electors are elected by the people, and they are to elect the President; nor is there any provision restricting their selection among candidates constitutionally qualified. So also the Republican electors were at perfect liberty to vote for any body so qualified, as well as for General GRANT. But the consequences would have been unpleasant; and it is easy to see what dangerous results in very possible contingencies might be produced by fraud. The history of the last month shows that a system which is not only essentially obsolete, but has never, in fact, been operative according to its intention, which may be perilous as well as foolish and cumbrous, should now be discarded, and that the President should be elected directly by the people.

In fact, when the people sanctioned by universal acquiescence the custom of nominating conventions which declared the personal preference of each party for President, they really but not formally rescinded the powers constitutionally granted to the electors, and affirmed that the President should be elected by the popular vote in each State. The electors are at present morally bound by the action of the nominating convention; and it would be a most dishonorable and dangerous breach of this moral trust to assume, as they constitutionally may, to decide for themselves. And as it would be as easy to vote for the Presidential candidate directly and by name as to vote for twenty or thirty other men honorably bound to vote for him, there is no good reason why the change should not be made. All that is proposed is that the form shall be conformed to the fact, and for the reason that nothing whatever is gained and a great deal is risked by the present practice.

The present system was framed in suspicion of the people and in deference to the State sovereignty views of the old confederation; and it has this injustice in the present situation and national feeling of the country, that it may elect as President the candidate whom a great majority of the people have rejected. A majority of one in the State of New York, for instance, overcomes an adverse majority of a hundred thousand in Illinois or Massachusetts. This is fair enough under the confederate system, in which it is the States and not the whole people which are considered. But under our national system the President should be actually, as he is theoretically, the Representative of the nation in the administration. The districts of States elect the Representatives in Congress, the States elect the Senators, and all the people of all the States should elect the President. The time is fully ripe for this change. Recent events show its necessity as well as its wisdom, and there can be little doubt that the people would promptly authorize it.

FIRE!

THE terrible catastrophe at the burning of the Fifth Avenue Hotel accuses both our skill and our care for human life. The cry of fire has become a terror, and travelers no longer take comfort in an inn, however splendid, in which they do not feel secure. The "wells" for air and elevators in the huge structures which are now erected are contrivances by which the swift destruction of the whole building is assured. And with a fatal and incredible folly the risk of danger is enormously increased by piling the most inflammable material where it is most impossible to reach it. The Mansard-roofs upon the Boston stores were ingeniously adapted to spread the fire and to defy succor. And the old City Hall at Portland, which was externally supposed to be fire-proof, was crowned with a wooden cupola, which took fire, and the whole interior of the building was at once consumed.

Most of the great public halls in the country are in the second story of buildings, are reached by wooden stairs, and are emptied slowly and with difficulty. There is scarcely one in which a serious alarm would not produce a panic, because of the general consciousness of the inadequate means of escape and of the frail material of the building. How many of the great hotels also are only splendid shanties, "run up" with the least regard to the chief consideration, the safety of human life! We do not, however, mean to charge want of care upon the Fifth Avenue Hotel, either in provision of means to quench fire or in the supervision of the building. But a building so constructed was not safe under any system of care, as the result proved. What chance could human beings have at night in a room at the top of that wooden staircase when fire broke out below? It is pitiful to think of the terrible fate of the poor women who were imprisoned there. But it is criminal not to prevent such appalling tragedies hereafter.

How this is to be done it is not possible to state at once and in detail. But some provisions are very evident. There should, for instance, be no wooden staircases in hotels. The great open halls, reaching often from the bottom to the top of the house, and necessary for light and ventilation as well as convenience of communication, can not be abolished, and therefore every thing in the construction should be as fire-proof as practicable, even at the expense of the cheap magnificence for which American hotels are ludicrously renowned. Especial care should be taken of the servants' quarters, which are usually the least cared for of all.

And as the hotels are public houses, the public should see that proper provision is made for its safety. The law should take charge of the subject, as it does in the case of steamers and public conveyances. There is no reason that guests and servants should be burned to death by the dozen in deference to any theory of private enterprise. If individual care does not save the community from frightful and needless slaughter, let it be proved whether the public care is equally futile. A superintendent of buildings who would allow the erection of no edifice which was not reasonably fire-proof, and adequately arranged to secure the safety of human life, would be the public benefactor who is now most needed.

SANTO DOMINGO.

THE Baltimore *American*, alluding to what the *Weekly* recently said upon the annexation of San Domingo, states that while it is true that the Commission did not actually recommend annexation, yet the spirit of their report is wholly in favor of it. We are pretty sure, however, that if the recommendation had been insisted upon in the Commission the report would not have been unanimous, and therefore we do not think the *American* justified in asserting that our statement is a virtual misrepresentation. All the Commissioners were undoubtedly charmed with the island, but they were not all agreed that it was therefore wise to annex it.

A MISTAKE ACKNOWLEDGED.

OUR readers will remember that Professor E. H. PALMER, of Cambridge, England, in a letter to the London *Athenæum* of June 1, charged Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS with publishing an "imperfect" and "mutilated" edition of his work, *The Desert of the Exodus*. Professor PALMER made this serious charge without having seen a copy of the American edition.

On receiving a copy of the American edition, and comparing it with the original, Professor PALMER discovered that he had done Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS great injustice. Satisfied of this, he hastened to make the *amende honorable* by the following full and explicit retraction, published in the *Athenæum* of November 16:

"CAMBRIDGE, *November 5*, 1872.

"Some time ago I addressed a letter to the *Athenæum* upon the subject of international copyright, in which I reflected somewhat severely upon American publishers in general, and Messrs. HARPER BROTHERS, of New York, in particular. It is but fair to those gentlemen to admit that my letter was written in ignorance of certain usages of the American publishing trade. These, it seems, give, by courtesy, to one who has paid for *early sheets* a *quasi* copyright in America, but do not extend such courtesy to *English printed editions which have been imported into that country*, as was the case with my book. Such being the case, I readily acknowledge my error, and regret that I should have impugned the integrity and good faith of Messrs. HARPER in the matter. Had *early sheets* been offered, it is probable that I should have had no cause for complaint.

"Through the courtesy of Mr. SAMPSON LOW, I have seen a copy of the reprint of my *Desert of the Exodus*, and I am bound to admit that it is a fair and exact reprint, and not, as I had been given to understand, a 'mutilated' one.

"As my former letters must have caused pain and annoyance to Messrs. HARPER, I hasten, now that I find I had labored under a misconception, to correct the impression which they must have conveyed.

"E. H. PALMER."

PERSONAL.

MR. J. CHAMBERLAIN, of the *World*, one of the most scholarly as well as vigorous writers on the American press, in the course of a very touching tribute to Mr. GREELEY, takes occasion to refute the too common notion that politicians are more selfish than other people. "Politicians," says he, "like other men, have their faults; but the last fault which can be truly charged on men influential in politics is heartlessness. There is no pursuit so eminently social as politics; none in which a strong hold on the hearts of other men is so indispensable to success. The reason is obvious enough: the very essence of politics is associated action, and no man has ever greatly succeeded, at least in our American politics, who has not possessed a large and almost magnetic social nature, capable of binding men to him by other ties than selfish interest. In the lower strata of politics there are doubtless instances enough of men 'whose god is their belly,' or their ambition; but we are now speaking of the higher ranks of political leaders. We do not believe that in our American public life any leading politician has ever been conspicuous in the first rank who has not numbered among his virtues that capacity to make friends, and that stanch fidelity in standing by friends, which are among the most lovable and beautiful traits of human nature." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN adds that Mr. THURLOW WEED possesses this virtue, and the singular personal fascination which is its consequence, in a pre-eminent degree, above almost all his contemporaries, and that, in view of his sharp differences with Mr. GREELEY in the past, his presence at the funeral was more generous and impressive than that of the President of the United States.

—All Munich and all Bavaria are mourning over the SPITZEDER Schwindel. A bank managed by a woman at Munich has failed for nearly $5,000,000. It paid ten per cent. a month interest. The manageress gave profusely to the priests and the Church; the Bavarian peasants and farmers were induced by their spiritual guides to place their money in the bank. Immense sums poured in. The SPITZEDER reveled in luxury. She redoubled her gifts to the Church. At length the bank has broken; hundreds are reduced to want; and when the police searched the house of the wonderful woman it was found filled with heaps of gold and bank-bills, the remnant of her plunder. A wooden trough led into the cellar, down which she was accustomed to sweep her gains in uncounted masses. The ignorant Catholic victims accuse the Liberals of having broken the bank. That sober Germans should have yielded to such a plain robbery is strange. In New York the SPITZEDER might have taken a proud place among the leading "operators" in stocks.

—Mr. WILSON is the eleventh Senator who has been elected Vice-President. The others were BURR, CALHOUN, R. M. JOHNSON, VAN BUREN, TYLER, DALLAS, KING, BRECKINRIDGE, HAMLIN, and ANDREW JOHNSON. Of these, VAN BUREN, TYLER, and A. JOHNSON became President, as did Senators MONROE, J. Q. ADAMS, HARRISON, and PIERCE. The Vice-Presidents who became Presidents were JOHN ADAMS, JEFFERSON, VAN BUREN, TYLER, FILLMORE, and A. JOHNSON, the last three succeeding to the office by the death of the Presidents with whom they were elected Vice-Presidents. Only one Vice-President has been elected as his own successor. This was DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, who served during the two terms of President MONROE.

—When Prince NAPOLEON was told by the policeman that he must forthwith leave the territory of the republic, he said to the man, "What, Sir! you wear the cross of the Legion of Honor, and you can convey such a message to a NAPOLEON?" "Monsieur," replied the officer, with cutting politeness, "I received that cross for good conduct at Sedan!" The colloquy ended.

—Senators SUMNER and WILSON dined a few evenings since with Secretary BOUTWELL, which the quidnuncs think significant. The strong personal friendship which has always existed between the Massachusetts Senators has not been in any way impaired during the late unpleasantness. Mr. SUMNER was among the first to congratulate Senator WILSON upon the news of his nomination at Philadelphia, and at that time Mr. WILSON said to Mr. SUMNER, "It will be one of the first duties to which I shall address myself to bring back the wanderers from the fold: chief among them, yourself will claim my thought." Mr. WILSON made a gallant fight for his colleague when he was displaced from the Committee on Foreign Relations, and it is said by those who are conversant with the matter that Mr. SUMNER'S affectionate regard for Mr. WILSON was what sent him to Europe, and decided him not to take an active part in the campaign against his friend.

—Mr. MOWBRAY MORRIS, who for more than a quarter of a century has been the business manager of the London *Times*, has resigned, and is succeeded by Mr. PEMBROKE STEPHENS.

—The Rev. Dr. HAIGHT, who, on the 4th inst., was elected Bishop of Massachusetts, although not of the same shade of churchmanship as the late Bishop EASTBURN, will nevertheless prove entirely acceptable to all parties. For many years he has exercised a controlling influence in the affairs of this diocese and in those of the General Convention of the Church in the United States. As a debater he possesses great power, and as a safe, sagacious, experienced counselor, he has scarcely a superior in the Church. He is also a thorough theologian, and possesses, perhaps, the most extensive and valuable theological library in the United States. He has been connected with Trinity parish for many years, and is the third clergyman of that parish who, during the last six years, has been called to the episcopate, Dr. NEELY having been made Bishop of Maine, and Dr. YOUNG Bishop of Florida.

—KNAPP & Co., proprietors of the St. Louis *Republican*, have received from London the first "Walter printing-press" which has crossed the Atlantic. It was built at the London *Times* office expressly for the *Republican*, and is said to meet the expectations of the proprietors.

—King JOHN of Saxony is regarded as the most learned of European monarchs. He is a profound Greek, Latin, and Spanish scholar, and his metrical translations of DANTE and ARIOSTO are considered the best in the literature of Germany.

—People do like to read about people of pluck and power, no matter what their way or walk in life. Just now in Wall Street one of the conspicuous operators is HENRY N. SMITH. A few years since he was a peripatetic dealer in uncurrent money in Buffalo, quite content with making five or ten dollars a day in buying Canada bank-notes at one or two per cent. discount, and lending them for a few hours or days at par and interest. Thence he came to New York, and formed the brokerage firm of SMITH, GOULD (JAY), & MARTIN, the latter being the son of a reputable bank president in Buffalo. When the famous Congressional committee in their might and majesty summoned him before them and demanded in the name of the nation why he had locked up five millions, he told them he did it to make money, and wanted to know what they intended to do about it; and when they asked him what right he had to do it, he replied that it was none of their business, and that he could do what he pleased with his money. He collected fifty dollars, witness fees, came home, and that was the last of *that* committee. Mr. SMITH is about thirty-eight years old, short, slight, red-haired, and keen as a razor. He is not given to fuss or fastness, though he keeps several fleet trotters for his own driving, is fond of pictures, and lives as becomes his means. He has considerable money invested in real estate in Tioga, Pennsylvania, his native place, where he has provided liberally for his father and mother.

—Mr. THOMAS NAST has been formally thanked by the Republican Congressional Committee for his effective and stirring work during the late political campaign. Mr. MITCHELL, of the Treasury, who conveyed the letter, found Mr. NAST at his pleasant country home in Morristown, New Jersey, surrounded by a very interesting family, having a most estimable Yankee girl for a helpmeet, and three bright, well-mannered children to brighten his household. His house is most cozily furnished, and displays high artistic culture in the selections and groupings of the various and rich works of art and ornamentation. In his library are many valuable works, chiefly pertaining to art or history, giving evidence of the care exercised in making selections as to the accuracy and value of the matter between the covers rather than to ornamentation or glitter of binding. His portfolios contain many rare and exceedingly fine engravings and drawings, embracing different styles or methods. There is neither romance nor nonsense about T. N. He is an indefatigable worker—always at it—and evinces the same pleasurable emotions on receiving checks and drawing the money for his drawings as he does in drawing the drawings. As an investor Mr. NAST is also a success; and if he keeps as profitably occupied during the next ten years as he has been during the past two, he will be chiefly spoken of as—Mr. NAST, one of the leading capitalists of the North.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the United States Senate, December 9, petitions were presented for a prohibitory liquor law in the Territories, and various bills were introduced. The bill regulating the construction of bridges across the Ohio was passed, and Mr. Sumner's joint resolution, proposing an amendment to the Constitution to confine the President to one term, was referred to the Judiciary Committee. In the House, many important bills were introduced on the same day. Among them was one by Mr. Lynch, of Maine, proposing an amendment to the Constitution so as to provide for the election of President and Vice-President by the direct vote of the people, without the intervention of electors; and another by Mr. Banks, of Massachusetts, fixing the President's salary at $50,000 a year after the 4th of March, 1873, and proposing an amendment to the Constitution by which the President shall hold office for six years, and be ineligible for re-election.—In the Senate, on the 10th inst., the bill recently introduced to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia and Territories was reported by the Finance Committee, but the Senate sent it back. A bill to remove the sunken wreck at Sandy Hook was passed. In the House, after the introduction of bills, the Soldiers' Homestead bill, reported last session, was taken up and discussed until the expiration of the morning hour.—In the Senate, on the 11th inst., the Finance Committee reported back the House bill abolishing the office of internal revenue assessor, with certain amendments. The Indian Appropriation bill was reported to the House on the same day, and adopted.—The Senate, on the 12th inst., passed the bill abolishing the office of assessor of internal revenue. In the House a bill was passed allowing the exchange of registered bonds for coupon bonds. The Soldiers' Bounty Land bill, as amended, was also passed, and the bill appropriating $30,480,000 for pension purposes.

In the Massachusetts House, December 11, Mr. Hoyt, of Athol, offered the following preamble and resolution, which were referred to the Committee on Federal Relations:

"*Whereas*, The Hon. Charles Sumner, a Senator from Massachusetts, has proposed on the floor of the United States Senate to erase from the flags of the republic and from the register of the army all inscriptions, mementoes, and tokens of the battles and victories of the Union arms in the late war of the rebellion—

"*Resolved*, That this attempt to degrade the loyal soldiers of the nation and their grand achievements meets with our unqualified condemnation, and merits the disapproval of the people of this commonwealth thus misrepresented."

The conflict in New Orleans between Governors Warmoth and Kellogg for the control of the State culminated on the 9th inst. with the impeachment of the former by the Legislature which had been declared elected through the decision of Judge Durell in the United States Circuit Court.

A fire occurred in the upper part of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in this city, on the night of the 10th inst., which resulted in the loss of eleven lives, and about $75,000 damage to the building and furniture.

The Business Women's Home, in the city of Brooklyn, having been considerably enlarged, was thrown open to the public on the evening of the 11th inst. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered an address on the occasion.

The ship *Franklin*, bound from Hamburg to San Francisco, was lost in mid-ocean, a few days since, with eighty of those on board.

The frigates *Guerrière* and *Albany* were sold by auction at the Brooklyn Navy-yard on the 13th instant. The former brought $64,000, and the latter $48,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A TERRIBLE gale prevailed throughout England on Sunday, 8th instant, prostrating buildings, trees, and telegraph poles, and greatly damaging the sea-port towns. The gale was equally severe in Wales and Ireland.

Several of the strikers in the London gas-works have been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for conspiracy.

Copies of petitions in favor of a dissolution of the French Assembly were seized by the police in the Paris wine shops on the 7th inst.

The *Egalité*, a newspaper of Marseilles, has been suppressed for violating the press law.

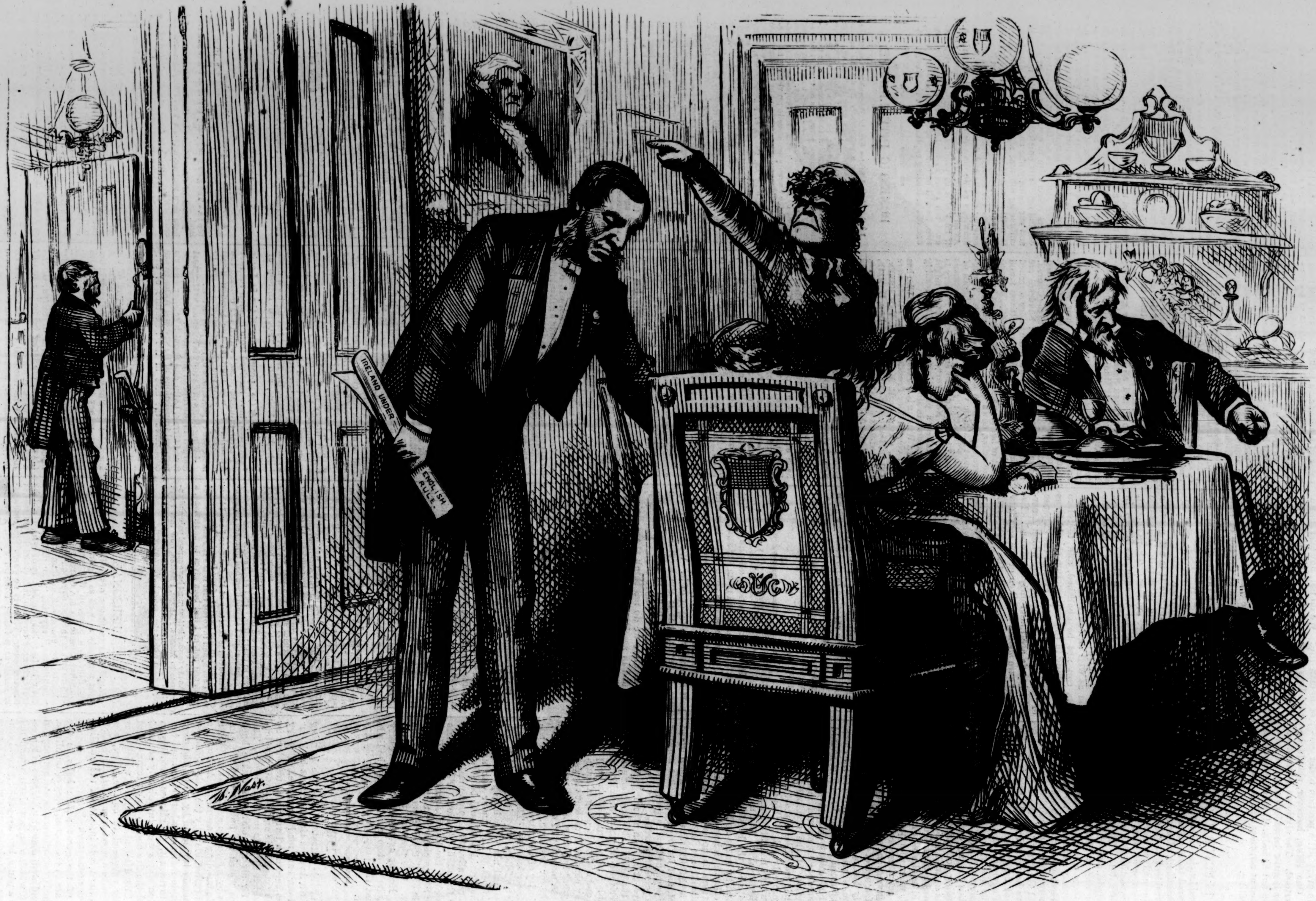
The Catholic churches of Posen have been closed for celebrating a special service offensive to the German government, and the pastors of churches and teachers in the Catholic schools have also been arrested on the charge of publicly reading an exciting pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Posen.

The Counties Reform bill passed the Upper House of the German Diet on the 9th inst. by a vote of 116 to 91.

The floods are spreading in Northern Italy, and several of the larger towns are threatened with inundation.

The Carlists are still lively in Spain. On the 9th inst. a number of them entered the town of Manresa, Barcelona, but were repulsed by the government troops.

The Argentine envoy, General Mitre, has brought his negotiations with Brazil to an amicable conclusion.



WHO SHALL RULE?

MR. FROUDE. "If my Object in coming was to draw Attention to the Irish Subject, I may so far be said to have succeeded."

"LET US HAVE COMPLETE RESTORATION, WHILE YOU ARE ABOUT IT."

(December 2, the first Day of this Session, the Representative (?) of Massachusetts introduced a Bill "*to strike from the United States Flags and Army Register all Record of Battles fought with Fellow-Citizens.*")

THE PARTING GUEST.

WHERE are the good things promised me
  By this Old Year that's dying?
And what care I how ill he be
  Who was so given to lying?
A cozening youth, he sought my door,
And tarried till his locks were hoar:
A fair and foul, capricious guest,
Who swore to give me of his best,
  Who pledged himself a true year;
  But he was then—the New Year.

Where are the silver and the gold
  Ere now should fill my wallet?
What mean these scanty clothes and old,
  This attic room and pallet?
The purse he dangled in my view
Betwixt his juggling hands slipped through.
He found me poor, he left me poorer;
But now a richer friend, and surer,
  Awaits me—in the New Year.

Where are the poet's bays he said
  My tuneful song should gain me?
The wreath that was to crown my head,
  Th' applause that should sustain me?
Alack! round other brows than mine
I see the fresh-won laurels twine:
Still, for the music's sake I sing;
The world may listen yet, and fling
  Its garlands—in the New Year.

Where is the one dear face to love
  His golden months should bring me,
Whose smile a recompense should prove
  For all the ills that sting me?
My heart still beats in loneliness;
There is no darling hand to press;
But oh! I dream we yet shall meet,
And I shall find her kisses sweet,
  And win her—in the New Year.

Where are the works in patience wrought:
  The grace to love my neighbor;
The sins left off; the wisdom taught
  Of suffering and labor;
The fuller life; the strength to wait;
The equal heart for either fate?
Well may I speed the parting guest,
And take this stranger to my breast!
  Be thou indeed a true year,
  O fair and welcome New Year!

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK VII.

TWO TEMPTATIONS.

CHAPTER LXIV.—(*Continued.*)

HE was really in chill gloom about her at that moment, but he dreaded a future without affection, and was determined to resist the oncoming of division between them. Rosamond obeyed him, and he took her on his knee, but in her secret soul she was utterly aloof from him. The poor thing saw only that the world was not ordered to her liking, and Lydgate was part of that world. But he held her waist with one hand and laid the other gently on both of hers; for this rather abrupt man had much tenderness in his manners toward women, seeming to have always present in his imagination the weakness of their frames and the delicate poise of their health both in body and mind. And he began again to speak persuasively.

"I find, now I look into things a little, Rosy, that it is wonderful what an amount of money slips away in our housekeeping. I suppose the servants are careless, and we have had a great many people coming. But there must be many in our rank who manage with much less: they must do with commoner things, I suppose, and look after the scraps. It seems, money goes but a little way in these matters, for Wrench has every thing as plain as possible, and he has a very large practice."

"Oh, if you think of living as the Wrenches do!" said Rosamond, with a little turn of her neck. "But I have heard you express your disgust at that way of living."

"Yes, they have bad taste in every thing—they make economy look ugly. We needn't do that. I only meant that they avoid expenses, although Wrench has a capital practice."

"Why should not you have a good practice, Tertius? Mr. Peacock had. You should be more careful not to offend people, and you should send out medicines as the others do. I am sure you began well, and you got several good houses. It can not answer to be eccentric; you should think what will be generally liked," said Rosamond, in a decided little tone of admonition.

Lydgate's anger rose; he was prepared to be indulgent toward feminine weakness, but not toward feminine dictation. The shallowness of a waternixie's soul may have a charm until she becomes didactic. But he controlled himself, and only said, with a touch of despotic firmness,

"What I am to do in my practice, Rosy, it is for me to judge. That is not the question between us. It is enough for you to know that our income is likely to be a very narrow one—hardly four hundred, perhaps less, for a long time to come, and we must try to re-arrange our lives in accordance with that fact."

Rosamond was silent for a moment or two, looking before her, and then said, "My uncle Bulstrode ought to allow you a salary for the time you give to the hospital: it is not right that you should work for nothing."

"It was understood from the beginning that my services would be gratuitous. That, again, need not enter into our discussion. I have pointed out what is the only probability," said Lydgate, impatiently. Then checking himself, he went on more quietly:

"I think I see one resource which would free us from a good deal of the present difficulty. I hear that young Ned Plymdale is going to be married to Miss Sophy Toller. They are rich, and it is not often that a good house is vacant in Middlemarch. I feel sure that they would be glad to take this house from us, with most of our furniture, and they would be willing to pay handsomely for the lease. I can employ Trumbull to speak to Plymdale about it."

Rosamond left her husband's knee and walked slowly to the other end of the room: when she turned round and walked toward him, it was evident that the tears had come, and that she was biting her under lip and clasping her hands to keep herself from crying. Lydgate was wretched—shaken with anger, and yet feeling that it would be unmanly to vent the anger just now.

"I am very sorry, Rosamond; I know this is painful."

"I thought, at least, when I had borne to send the plate back and have that man taking an inventory of the furniture—I should have thought *that* would suffice."

"I explained it to you at the time, dear. That was only a security, and behind that security there is a debt. And that debt must be paid within the next few months, else we shall have our furniture sold. If young Plymdale will take our house and most of our furniture, we shall be able to pay that debt, and some others too, and we shall be quit of a place too expensive for us. We might take a smaller house: Trumbull, I know, has a very decent one to let at thirty pounds a year, and this is ninety." Lydgate uttered this speech in the curt hammering way with which we usually try to nail down a vague mind to imperative facts. Tears rolled silently down Rosamond's cheeks; she just pressed her handkerchief against them, and stood looking at the large vase on the mantel-piece. It was a moment of more intense bitterness than she had ever felt before. At last she said, without hurry and with careful emphasis,

"I never could have believed that you would like to act in that way."

"Like it?" burst out Lydgate, rising from his chair, thrusting his hands in his pockets, and stalking away from the hearth; "it's not a question of liking. Of course I don't like it; it's the only thing I can do." He wheeled round there, and turned toward her.

"I should have thought there were many other means than that," said Rosamond. "Let us have a sale, and leave Middlemarch altogether."

"To do what? What is the use of my leaving my work in Middlemarch to go where I have none? We should be just as penniless elsewhere as we are here," said Lydgate, still more angrily.

"If we are to be in that position it will be entirely your own doing, Tertius," said Rosamond, turning round to speak, with the fullest conviction. "You will not behave as you ought to do to your own family. You offended Captain Lydgate. Sir Godwin was very kind to me when we were at Quallingham, and I am sure if you showed proper regard to him and told him your affairs, he would do any thing for you. But rather than that, you like giving up our house and furniture to Mr. Ned Plymdale."

There was something like fierceness in Lydgate's eyes as he answered, with new violence, "Well, then, if you will have it so, I do like it. I admit that I like it better than making a fool of myself by going to beg where it's of no use. Understand, then, that it is what *I like to do.*"

There was a tone in the last sentence which was equivalent to the clutch of his strong hand on Rosamond's delicate arm. But for all that, his will was not a whit stronger than hers. She immediately walked out of the room in silence, but with an intense determination to hinder what Lydgate liked to do.

He went out of the house, but, as his blood cooled, he felt that the chief result of the discussion was a deposit of dread within him at the idea of opening with his wife, in future, subjects which might again urge him to violent speech. It was as if a fracture in delicate crystal had begun, and he was afraid of any movement that might make it fatal. His marriage would be a mere piece of bitter irony if they could not go on loving each other. He had long ago made up his mind to what he thought was her negative character—her want of sensibility, which showed itself in disregard both of his specific wishes and of his general aims. The first great disappointment had been borne: the tender devotedness and docile adoration of the ideal wife must be renounced, and life must be taken up on a lower stage of expectation, as it is by men who have lost their limbs. But the real wife had not only her claims, she had still a hold on his heart, and it was his intense desire that the hold should remain strong. In marriage, the certainty, "She will never love me much," is easier to bear than the fear, "I shall love her no more." Hence, after that outburst, his inward effort was entirely to excuse her, and to blame the hard circumstances which were partly his fault. He tried that evening, by petting her, to heal the wound he had made in the morning, and it was not in Rosamond's nature to be repellent or sulky; indeed, she welcomed the signs that her husband loved her, and was under control. But this was something quite distinct from loving *him.*

Lydgate would not have chosen soon to recur to the plan of parting with the house; he was resolved to carry it out, and say as little more about it as possible. But Rosamond herself touched on it at breakfast by saying, mildly,

"Have you spoken to Trumbull yet?"

"No," said Lydgate, "but I shall call on him as I go by this morning. No time must be lost." He took Rosamond's question as a sign that she withdrew her inward opposition, and kissed her head caressingly when he got up to go away.

As soon as it was late enough to make a call, Rosamond went to Mrs. Plymdale, Mr. Ned's mother, and entered, with pretty congratulations, into the subject of the coming marriage. Mrs. Plymdale's maternal view was, that Rosamond might possibly now have retrospective glimpses of her own folly; and feeling the advantages to be at present all on the side of her son, was too kind a woman not to behave graciously.

"Yes, Ned is most happy, I must say. And Sophy Toller is all I could desire in a daughter-in-law. Of course her father is able to do something handsome for her—that is only what would be expected with a brewery like his. And the connection is every thing we should desire. But that is not what I look at. She is such a very nice girl—no airs, no pretensions, though on a level with the first. I don't mean with the titled aristocracy. I see very little good in people aiming out of their own sphere. I mean that Sophy is equal to the best in the town, and she is contented with that."

"I have always thought her very agreeable," said Rosamond.

"I look upon it as a reward for Ned, who never held his head too high, that he should have got into the very best connection," continued Mrs. Plymdale, her native sharpness softened by a fervid sense that she was taking a correct view. "And such particular people as the Tollers are, they might have objected because some of our friends are not theirs. It is well known that your aunt Bulstrode and I have been intimate from our youth, and Mr. Plymdale has been always on Mr. Bulstrode's side. And I myself prefer serious opinions. But the Tollers have welcomed Ned all the same."

"I am sure he is a very deserving, well-principled young man," said Rosamond, with a neat air of patronage, in return for Mrs. Plymdale's wholesome corrections.

"Oh, he has not the style of a captain in the army, or that sort of carriage as if every body was beneath him, or that showy kind of talking, and singing, and intellectual talent. But I am thankful he has not. It is a poor preparation both for here and Hereafter."

"Oh dear, yes; appearances have very little to do with happiness," said Rosamond. "I think there is every prospect of their being a happy couple. What house will they take?"

"Oh, as for that, they must put up with what they can get. They have been looking at the house in St. Peter's Place, next to Mr. Hackbutt's; it belongs to him, and he is putting it nicely in repair. I suppose they are not likely to hear of a better. Indeed, I think Ned will decide the matter to-day."

"I should think it is a nice house; I like St. Peter's Place."

"Well, it is near the church, and a genteel situation. But the windows are narrow, and it is all ups and downs. You don't happen to know of any other that would be at liberty?" said Mrs. Plymdale, fixing her round black eyes on Rosamond with the animation of a sudden thought in them.

"Oh no; I hear so little of those things."

Rosamond had not foreseen that question and answer in setting out to pay her visit; she had simply meant to gather any information which would help her to avert the parting with her own house under circumstances thoroughly disagreeable to her. As to the untruth in her reply, she no more reflected on it than she did on the untruth there was in her saying that appearances had very little to do with happiness. Her object, she was convinced, was thoroughly justifiable: it was Lydgate whose intention was inexcusable; and there was a plan in her mind which, when she had carried it out fully, would prove how very false a step it would have been for him to have descended from his position.

She returned home by Mr. Borthrop Trumbull's office, meaning to call there. It was the first time in her life that Rosamond had thought of doing any thing in the form of business, but she felt equal to the occasion. That she should be obliged to do what she intensely disliked, was an idea which turned her quiet tenacity into active invention. Here was a case in which it could not be enough simply to disobey and be serenely, placidly obstinate: she must act according to her judgment, and she said to herself that her judgment was right—"indeed, if it had not been, she would not have wished to act on it."

Mr. Trumbull was in the back-room of his office, and received Rosamond with his finest manners, not only because he had much sensibility to her charms, but because the good-natured fibre in him was stirred by his certainty that Lydgate was in difficulties, and that this uncommonly pretty woman—this young lady with the highest personal attractions—was likely to feel the pinch of trouble—to find herself involved in circumstances beyond her control. He begged her to do him the honor to take a seat, and stood before her trimming and comporting himself with an eager solicitude, which was chiefly benevolent. Rosamond's first question was, whether her husband had called on Mr. Trumbull that morning, to speak about disposing of their house.

"Yes, ma'am, yes, he did; he did so," said the good auctioneer, trying to throw something soothing into his iteration. "I was about to fulfill his order, if possible, this afternoon. He wished me not to procrastinate."

"I called to tell you not to go any further, Mr. Trumbull; and I beg of you not to mention what has been said on the subject. Will you oblige me?"

"Certainly I will, Mrs. Lydgate, certainly. Confidence is sacred with me on business or any other topic. I am then to consider the commission withdrawn?" said Mr. Trumbull, adjusting the long ends of his blue cravat with both hands, and looking at Rosamond deferentially.

"Yes, if you please. I find that Mr. Ned Plymdale has taken a house—the one in St. Peter's Place next to Mr. Hackbutt's. Mr. Lydgate would be annoyed that his orders should be fulfilled uselessly. And besides that, there are other circumstances which render the proposal unnecessary."

"Very good, Mrs. Lydgate, very good. I am at your commands, whenever you require any service of me," said Mr. Trumbull, who felt pleasure in conjecturing that some new resources had been opened. "Rely on me, I beg. The affair shall go no further."

That evening Lydgate was a little comforted by observing that Rosamond was more lively than she had usually been of late, and even seemed interested in doing what would please him without being asked. He thought, "If she will be happy and I can rub through, what does it all signify? It is only a narrow swamp that we have to pass in a long journey. If I can get my mind clear again, I shall do."

He was so much cheered that he began to search for an account of experiments which he had long ago meant to look up, and had neglected out of that creeping self-despair which comes in the train of petty anxieties. He felt again some of the old delightful absorption in a far-reaching inquiry, while Rosamond played the quiet music which was as helpful to his meditation as the plash of an oar on the evening lake. It was rather late; he had pushed away all the books, and was looking at the fire with his hands clasped behind his head in forgetfulness of every thing except the construction of a new controlling experiment, when Rosamond, who had left the piano and was leaning back in her chair watching him, said,

"Mr. Ned Plymdale has taken a house already."

Lydgate, startled and jarred, looked up in silence for a moment, like a man who has been disturbed in his sleep. Then flushing with an unpleasant consciousness, he asked,

"How do you know?"

"I called at Mrs. Plymdale's this morning, and she told me that he had taken the house in St. Peter's Place next to Mr. Hackbutt's."

Lydgate was silent. He drew his hands from behind his head and pressed them against the hair which was hanging, as it was apt to do, in a mass on his forehead, while he rested his elbows on his knees. He was feeling bitter disappointment, as if he had opened a door out of a suffocating place and had found it walled up; but he also felt sure that Rosamond was pleased with the cause of his disappointment. He preferred not looking at her and not speaking, until he had got over the first spasm of vexation. After all, he said in his bitterness, what can a woman care about so much as house and furniture? a husband without them is an absurdity. When he looked up and pushed his hair aside, his dark eyes had a miserable blank non-expectance of sympathy in them, but he only said, coolly,

"Perhaps some one else may turn up. I told Trumbull to be on the look-out if he failed with Plymdale."

Rosamond made no remark. She trusted to the chance that nothing more would pass between her husband and the auctioneer until some issue should have justified her interference; at any rate, she had hindered the event which she immediately dreaded. After a pause, she said,

"How much money is it that those disagreeable people want?"

"What disagreeable people?"

"Those who took the list—and the others. I mean, how much money would satisfy them so that you need not be troubled any more?"

Lydgate surveyed her for a moment, as if he were looking for symptoms, and then said, "Oh, if I could have got six hundred from Plymdale for furniture and as premium, I might have managed. I could have paid off Dover, and given enough on account to the others to make them wait patiently, if we contracted our expenses."

"But I mean how much should you want if we staid in this house?"

"More than I am likely to get any where," said Lydgate, with rather a grating sarcasm in his tone. It angered him to perceive that Rosamond's mind was wandering over impracticable wishes instead of facing possible efforts.

"Why should you not mention the sum?" said Rosamond, with a mild indication that she did not like his manners.

"Well," said Lydgate, in a guessing tone, "it would take at least a thousand to set me at ease. But," he added, incisively, "I have to consider what I shall do without it, not with it."

Rosamond said no more.

But the next day she carried out her plan of writing to Sir Godwin Lydgate. Since the Captain's visit, she had received a letter from him, and also one from Mrs. Mengan, his married sister, condoling with her on the loss of her baby, and expressing vaguely the hope that they should see her again at Quallingham. Lydgate had told her that this politeness meant nothing; but she was secretly convinced that any backwardness in Lydgate's family toward him was due to his cold and contemptuous behavior, and she had answered the letters in her most charming manner, feeling some confidence that a specific invitation would follow. But there had been total silence. The Captain evidently was not a great penman, and Rosamond reflected that the sisters might have been abroad. However, the season was come for thinking of friends at home, and at any rate Sir Godwin, who had chucked her under the chin, and pronounced her to be like the celebrated beauty, Mrs. Croly, who had made a conquest of him in 1790, would be touched by any appeal from her, and would find it pleasant for her sake to behave as he ought to do toward his nephew. Rosamond was naïvely convinced of what an old

gentleman ought to do to prevent her from suffering annoyance. And she wrote what she considered the most judicious letter possible—one which would strike Sir Godwin as a proof of her excellent sense—pointing out how desirable it was that Tertius should quit such a place as Middlemarch for one more fitted to his talents, how the unpleasant character of the inhabitants had hindered his professional success, and how in consequence he was in money difficulties, from which it would require a thousand pounds thoroughly to extricate him. She did not say that Tertius was unaware of her intention to write; for she had the idea that his supposed sanction of her letter would be in accordance with what she did say of his great regard for his uncle Godwin as the relative who had always been his best friend. Such was the force of poor Rosamond's tactics now she applied them to affairs.

This had happened before the party on New-Year's Day, and no answer had yet come from Sir Godwin. But on the morning of that day Lydgate had to learn that Rosamond had revoked his order to Borthrop Trumbull. Feeling it necessary that she should be gradually accustomed to the idea of their quitting the house in Lowick Gate, he overcame his reluctance to speak to her again on the subject, and, when they were breakfasting, said,

"I shall try to see Trumbull this morning, and tell him to advertise the house in the *Pioneer* and the *Trumpet*. If the thing were advertised, some one might be inclined to take it who would not otherwise have thought of a change. In these country places many people go on in their old houses when their families are too large for them, for want of knowing where they can find another. And Trumbull seems to have got no bite at all."

Rosamond knew that the inevitable moment was come. "I ordered Trumbull not to inquire further," she said, with a careful calmness which was evidently defensive.

Lydgate stared at her in mute amazement. Only half an hour before he had been fastening up her plaits for her, and talking the "little language" of affection, which Rosamond, though not returning it, accepted as if she had been a serene and lovely image, now and then miraculously dimpling toward her votary. With such fibres still astir in him, the shock he received could not at once be distinctly anger; it was confused pain. He laid down the knife and fork with which he was carving, and throwing himself back in his chair, said at last, with a cool irony in his tone,

"May I ask when and why you did so?"

"When I knew that the Plymdales had taken a house, I called to tell him not to mention ours to them; and at the same time I told him not to let the affair go on any further. I knew that it would be very injurious to you if it were known that you wished to part with your house and furniture, and I had a very strong objection to it. I think that was reason enough."

"It was of no consequence then that I had told you imperative reasons of another kind; of no consequence that I had come to a different conclusion, and given an order accordingly?" said Lydgate, bitingly, the thunder and lightning gathering about his brow and eyes.

The effect of any one's anger on Rosamond had always been to make her shrink in cold dislike, and to become all the more calmly correct, in the conviction that she was not the person to misbehave, whatever others might do. She replied,

"I think I had a perfect right to speak on a subject which concerns me at least as much as you."

"Clearly—you had a right to speak, but only to me. You had no right to contradict my orders secretly, and treat me as if I were a fool," said Lydgate, in the same tone as before. Then with some added scorn, "Is it possible to make you understand what the consequences will be? Is it of any use for me to tell you again why we *must* try to part with the house?"

"It is not necessary for you to tell me again," said Rosamond, in a voice that fell and trickled like cold water-drops. "I remembered what you said. You spoke just as violently as you do now. But that does not alter my opinion that you ought to try every other means rather than take a step which is so painful to me. And as to advertising the house, I think it would be perfectly degrading to you."

"And suppose I disregard your opinion as you disregard mine?"

"You can do so, of course. But I think you ought to have told me before we were married that you would place me in the worst position, rather than give up your own will."

Lydgate did not speak, but tossed his head on one side, and twitched the corners of his mouth in despair. Rosamond, seeing that he was not looking at her, rose and set his cup of coffee before him; but he took no notice of it, and went on with an inward drama and argument, occasionally moving in his seat, resting one arm on the table, and rubbing his hand against his hair. There was a conflux of emotions and thoughts in him that would not let him either give thorough way to his anger or persevere with simple rigidity of resolve. Rosamond took advantage of his silence.

"When we were married every one felt that your position was very high. I could not have imagined then that you would want to sell our furniture, and take a house in Bride Street, where the rooms are like cages. If we are to live in that way, let us at least leave Middlemarch."

"These would be very strong considerations," said Lydgate, half ironically—still there was a withered paleness about his lips as he looked at his coffee, and did not drink—"these would be very strong considerations if I did not happen to be in debt."

"Many persons must have been in debt in the same way, but if they are respectable, people trust them. I am sure I have heard papa say that the Torbits were in debt, and they went on very well. It can not be good to act rashly," said Rosamond, with serene wisdom.

Lydgate sat paralyzed by opposing impulses: since no reasoning he could apply to Rosamond seemed likely to conquer her assent, he wanted to smash and grind some object on which he could at least produce an impression, or else to tell her brutally that he was master, and she must obey. But he not only dreaded the effect of such extremities on their mutual life—he had a growing dread of Rosamond's quiet, elusive obstinacy, which would not allow any assertion of power to be final; and again, she had touched him in a spot of keenest feeling by implying that she had been deluded with a false vision of happiness in marrying him. As to saying that he was master, it was not the fact. The very resolution to which he had wrought himself by dint of logic and honorable pride was beginning to relax under her torpedo-contact. He swallowed half his cup of coffee, and then rose to go.

"I may at least request that you will not go to Trumbull at present—until it has been seen that there are no other means," said Rosamond. Although she was not subject to much fear, she felt it safer not to betray that she had written to Sir Godwin. "Promise me that you will not go to him for a few weeks, or without telling me."

Lydgate gave a short laugh. "I think it is I who should exact a promise that you will do nothing without telling me," he said, turning his eyes sharply upon her, and then moving to the door.

"You remember that we are going to dine at papa's," said Rosamond, wishing that he should turn and make a more thorough concession to her. But he only said "Oh yes," impatiently, and went away. She held it to be very odious in him that he did not think the painful propositions he had had to make to her were enough, without showing so unpleasant a temper. And when she put the moderate request that he would defer going to Trumbull again, it was cruel in him not to assure her of what he meant to do. She was convinced of her having acted in every way for the best; and each grating or angry speech of Lydgate's served only as an addition to the register of offenses in her mind. Poor Rosamond for months had begun to associate her husband with feelings of disappointment, and the terribly inflexible relation of marriage had lost its charm of encouraging delightful dreams. It had freed her from the disagreeables of her father's house, but it had not given her every thing that she had wished and hoped. The Lydgate with whom she had been in love had been a group of airy conditions for her, most of which had disappeared, while their place had been taken by every-day details which must be lived through slowly from hour to hour, not floated through with a rapid selection of favorable aspects. The habits of Lydgate's profession, his home preoccupation with scientific subjects, which seemed to her almost like a morbid vampire's taste, his peculiar views of things which had never entered into the dialogue of courtship—all these continually alienating influences, even without the fact of his having placed himself at a disadvantage in the town, and without that first shock of revelation about Dover's debt, would have made his presence dull to her. There was another presence which ever since the early days of her marriage, until four months ago, had been an agreeable excitement, but that was gone: Rosamond would not confess to herself how much the consequent blank had to do with her utter *ennui;* and it seemed to her (perhaps she was right) that an invitation to Quallingham, and an opening for Lydgate to settle elsewhere than in Middlemarch—in London, or somewhere likely to be free from unpleasantness—would satisfy her quite well, and make her indifferent to the absence of Will Ladislaw, toward whom she felt some resentment for his exaltation of Mrs. Casaubon.

That was the state of things with Lydgate and Rosamond on the New-Year's Day when they dined at her father's, she looking mildly neutral toward him in remembrance of his ill-tempered behavior at breakfast, and he carrying a much deeper effect from the inward conflict in which that morning scene was only one of many epochs. His flushed effort while talking to Mr. Farebrother—his effort after the cynical pretense that all ways of getting money are essentially the same, and that chance has an empire which reduces choice to a fool's illusion—was but the symptom of a wavering resolve, a benumbed response to the old stimuli of enthusiasm.

What was he to do? He saw even more keenly than Rosamond did the dreariness of taking her into the small house in Bride Street, where she would have scanty furniture around her and discontent within: a life of privation and life with Rosamond were two images which had become more and more irreconcilable ever since the threat of privation had disclosed itself. But even if his resolves had forced the two images into combination, the useful preliminaries to that hard change were not visibly within reach. And though he had not given the promise which his wife had asked for, he did not go again to Trumbull. He even began to think of taking a rapid journey to the North and seeing Sir Godwin. He had once believed that nothing would urge him into making an application for money to his uncle, but he had not then known the full pressure of alternatives yet more disagreeable. He could not depend on the effect of a letter; it was only in an interview, however disagreeable this might be to himself, that he could give a thorough explanation and could test the effectiveness of kinship. No sooner had Lydgate begun to represent this step to himself as the easiest than there was a reaction of anger that he—he who had long ago determined to live aloof from such abject calculations, such self-interested anxiety about the inclinations and the pockets of men with whom he had been proud to have no aims in common—should have fallen not simply to their level, but to the level of soliciting them.

CHAPTER LXV.

"One of us two must bowen douteless,
And, sith a man is more reasonable
Than woman is, ye [men] moste be suffrable."
CHAUCER: *Canterbury Tales.*

THE bias of human nature, to be slow in correspondence, triumphs even over the present quickening in the general pace of things: what wonder then that in 1832 old Sir Godwin Lydgate was slow to write a letter which was of consequence to others rather than to himself? Nearly three weeks of the new year were gone, and Rosamond, awaiting an answer to her winning appeal, was every day disappointed. Lydgate, in total ignorance of her expectations, was seeing the bills come in, and feeling that Dover's use of his advantage over other creditors was imminent. He had never mentioned to Rosamond his brooding purpose of going to Quallingham: he did not want to admit what would appear to her a concession to her wishes after indignant refusal, until the last moment; but he was really expecting to set off soon. A slice of the railway would enable him to manage the whole journey and back in four days.

But one morning after Lydgate had gone out, a letter came addressed to him, which Rosamond saw clearly to be from Sir Godwin. She was full of hope. Perhaps there might be a particular note to her inclosed; but Lydgate was naturally addressed on the question of money or other aid, and the fact that he was written to, nay, the very delay in writing at all, seemed to certify that the answer was thoroughly compliant. She was too much excited by these thoughts to do any thing but light stitching in a warm corner of the dining-room, with the outside of this momentous letter lying on the table before her. About twelve she heard her husband's step in the passage, and, tripping to open the door, she said, in her lightest tones, "Tertius, come in here—here is a letter for you."

"Ah?" he said, not taking off his hat, but just turning her round within his arm to walk toward the spot where the letter lay. "My uncle Godwin!" he exclaimed, while Rosamond reseated herself, and watched him as he opened the letter. She had expected him to be surprised.

While Lydgate's eyes glanced rapidly over the brief letter, she saw his face, usually of a pale brown, taking on a dry whiteness; with nostrils and lips quivering, he tossed down the letter before her, and said, violently,

"It will be impossible to endure life with you, if you will always be acting secretly—acting in opposition to me and hiding your actions."

He checked his speech and turned his back on her—then wheeled round and walked about, sat down, and got up again restlessly, grasping hard the objects deep down in his pockets. He was afraid of saying something irremediably cruel.

Rosamond too had changed color as she read. The letter ran in this way:

"DEAR TERTIUS,—Don't set your wife to write to me when you have any thing to ask. It is a roundabout wheedling sort of thing which I should not have credited you with. I never choose to write to a woman on matters of business. As to my supplying you with a thousand pounds, or only half that sum, I can do nothing of the sort. My own family drains me to the last penny. With two younger sons and three daughters, I am not likely to have cash to spare. You seem to have got through your own money pretty quickly, and to have made a mess where you are; the sooner you go somewhere else the better. But I have nothing to do with men of your profession, and can't help you there. I did the best I could for you as guardian, and let you have your own way in taking to medicine. You might have gone into the army or the Church. Your money would have held out for that, and there would have been a surer ladder before you. Your uncle Charles has had a grudge against you for not going into his profession, but not I. I have always wished you well, but you must consider yourself on your own legs entirely now.

"Your affectionate uncle,
"GODWIN LYDGATE."

When Rosamond had finished reading the letter she sat quite still, with her hands folded before her, restraining any show of her keen disappointment, and intrenching herself in quiet passivity under her husband's wrath. Lydgate paused in his movements, looked at her again, and said, with biting severity,

"Will this be enough to convince you of the harm you may do by secret meddling? Have you sense enough to recognize now your incompetence to judge and act for me—to interfere with your ignorance in affairs which it belongs to me to decide on?"

The words were hard; but this was not the first time that Lydgate had been frustrated by her. She did not look at him, and made no reply.

"I had nearly resolved on going to Quallingham. It would have cost me pain enough to do it, yet it might have been of some use. But it has been of no use for me to think of any thing. You have always been counteracting me secretly. You delude me with a false assent, and then I am at the mercy of your devices. If you mean to resist every wish I express, say so and defy me. I shall at least know what I am doing then."

It is a terrible moment in young lives when the closeness of love's bond has turned to this power of galling. In spite of Rosamond's self-control a tear fell silently and rolled over her lips. She still said nothing; but under that quietude was hidden an intense effect: she was in such entire disgust with her husband that she wished she had never seen him. Sir Godwin's rudeness toward her and utter want of feeling ranged him with Dover and all other creditors—disagreeable people who only thought of themselves, and did not mind how annoying they were to her. Even her father was unkind, and might have done more for them. In fact there was but one person in Rosamond's world whom she did not regard as blameworthy, and that was the graceful creature with blond plaits and with little hands crossed before her, who had never expressed herself unbecomingly, and had always acted for the best—the best naturally being what she best liked.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AT one of the theatres the other evening any one within half a dozen seats might have heard the following: "Yes, she calls herself a lady, because she has got in with the M——s; but, laws! she used to live in a little one-story house, and was borrowing my flat-irons every week of her life. Now, bless you! she don't know me." "There's plenty of them kind here to-night," said her companion. "And curious! Why, she was that inquisitive that I had to paper up my kitchen windows, and then she'd get on a table to look over the paper. As for the knot-holes in the fence, I was obliged to nail oil-cloths over them to keep her from prying!"

A Western journal offers this inducement: "All subscribers paying in advance will be entitled to a first-class obituary notice in case of death."

A wife, having lost her husband, was inconsolable. "Leave me to my grief!" she cried, sobbing; "you know the extreme sensibility of my nerves—a mere nothing upsets them!"

It is a sad comment upon humanity, but soft-soap, in some shape, pleases most folks, and generally the more "lye" you put into it the better.

An old miser, going down his cellar steps the other day, fell against his will.

THE READY-MONEY SYSTEM—Dun or be done.

ALPHONSE (*who has had an attack of mother-in-law*). "Parbleu, madame, it is not ze trouble zat your daughter is my wife. Non! It is because she is not an orphan when she is married to me!"

SPRING WATER—April showers.

Dr. X—— had a feast, and among other things, and very unprofessional, seeing it is made of enlarged and diseased livers, a *pâté de foie gras*. A day or two after, when he wished to order something for lunch, the cook mildly suggested, "Yes, Sir, there is almost the whole of that paddy's photograph that you had the other day."

A WORTHLESS BOND—A *vaga*bond.

"You can shorten that stick a good deal, John, as it will bear cutting at both ends." "I don't know about that, Jake; I cut my ditch at both ends, and the more I cut the longer it grew."

A lean conscience makes a fat office.

There is a time for all things. The time to leave is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

Dennis O'Shunessy advertises as follows in the Columbus *Republican:* "I hereby give notice that my wife Bridget has left my bed and board, and that I will not pay her debts, as we are not married."

A LEADING ARTICLE—A blind man's dog.

A lady who was not a Shakspearean scholar, hearing the *Merry Wives of Windsor* highly praised, inquired how many wives Mr. Windsor had.

ROMANTIC DEATH—A young lady drowned in tears.

"What is the matter with you, Uncle Toby? What makes you walk so lame?" "Well, I jined a temperance society 'bout a month ago, and have drank nothing but water since, and I s'pect it's got into my jints and kinder rusted 'em."

A man out West who offered bail for a friend was asked by a judge if he had an incumbrance on his farm. "Oh yes," said he; "my old woman."

The sun is obstinate, when it's set in its own way.

You "put a head" on a letter when you apply the postage stamp.

"My dear," said the sentimental Mrs. Waddles, "home, you know, is always the dearest spot on earth." "Well, yes," said the practical Mr. Waddles, "it *does* cost me about twice as much as any other spot."

When is a skein of thread like the root of an oak?—When it is full of knots.

How would you express in two letters that you were twice the size of your companions?—I W (I double you).

A wag said of an egotistical writer, "Somebody should take pity on his readers, and put out his *I's*."

A lady calls the little memoranda her butcher sends in with the meat, "pencilings by the weigh."

A young fellow, fond of talking, remarked, "I am no prophet." "True," replied a lady present, "no profit to yourself or any one else."

A young man who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

The question of where all the Smiths come from is answered. A factory in a neighboring city bears the sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

One of a party of friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said, "That song always carries me away when I hear it." "Can any body sing it?" asked a wit in the company.

WISDOM IN SMALL LOTS.

We've got lots of men with toweren intellex and brillyent genius and all that, but then, you see, we need just a few men of good common-sense like.

There may be some sweet sadness in chewing the bitter cud of adversity; but the most uv 'em in this section would ruther have terbacker, you know.

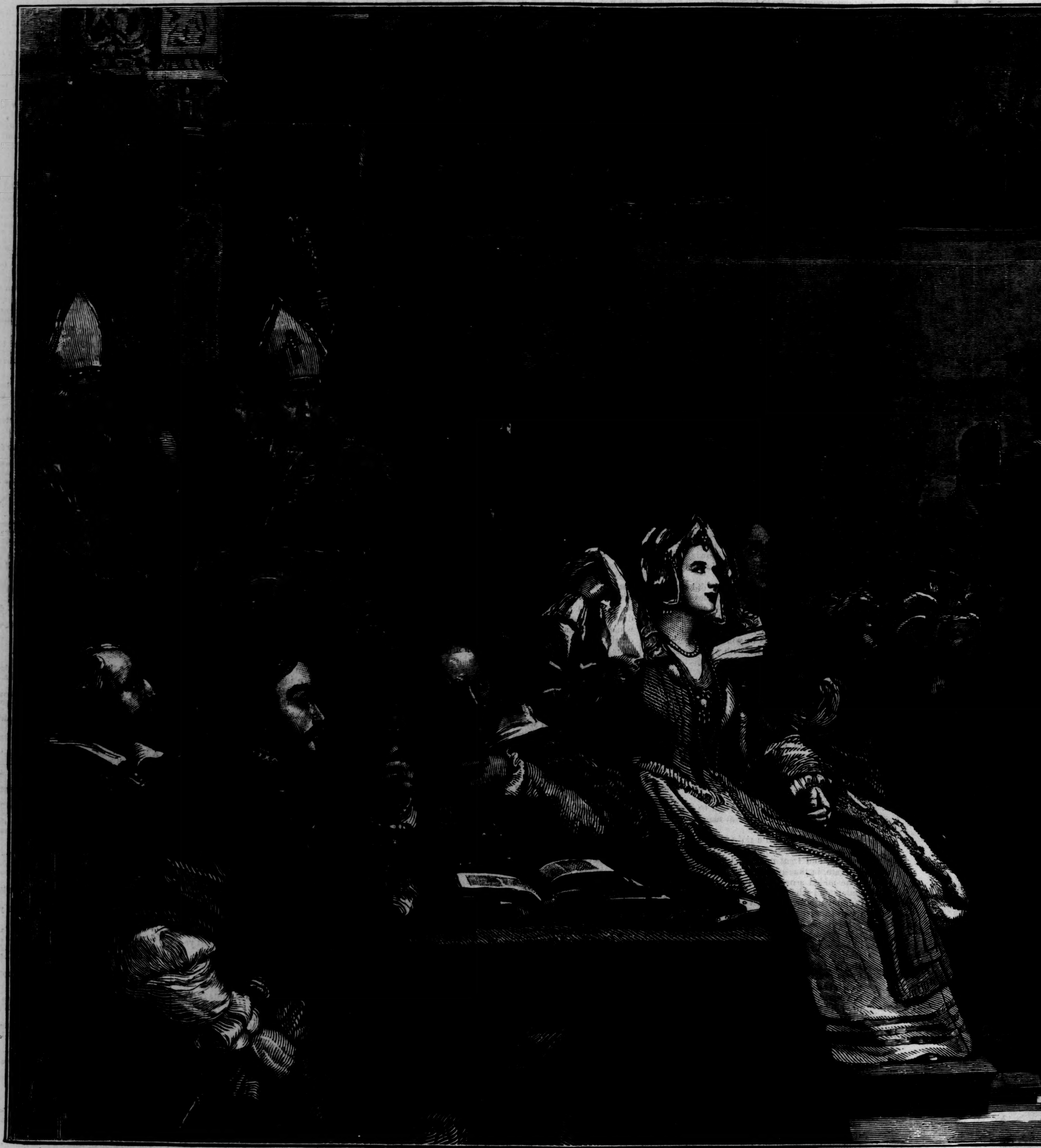
Ef wise men never made mistakes, this would be a hard world for fools—of whom a great many are which.

It don't take as much sense to pick a lock or forge a check as it do to not do it.

When it rains pudden you hold up your dish; but don't spend your time watchen for a shower.

It don't take a smart man to be a fool.

A man that don't know enny thing will tell it the first time he gits a chance.



JOHN KNOX PREACHING BEFORE THE LORDS OF THE CO

JOHN KNOX PREACHING AT ST. ANDREWS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Gifted with a rare mental and physical strength, that had borne the perils of persecution and exile, that had endured disease and imprisonment for nineteen months in a French galley, that had enabled him to preach with unrivaled ardor in Switzerland, Germany, and England, John Knox came back to Scotland in 1559 to snatch his country from the hands of its papal rulers. He was now about fifty-four years old. His health was somewhat broken. Yet probably no human voice has delivered truth with such terrible fervor, no modern orator has so governed the minds of his countrymen. His faith was intense, his ardor for reform a flaming fire. He would sweep from the earth every trace of that baleful superstition with which Italian priests had enslaved mankind; he would blast with the fire of truth the idolatrous mass, the shameless and cruel priesthood, the dark and degrading mental tyranny of fallen Rome. In an age when kings were "mortal gods" to Bacon, when priests and nobles were still half environed with a divine authority, Knox, in his clear perception of truth, was the teacher of human equality. He feared the face of no man. He spoke only what he thought. He was honest almost above human integrity, spotless in manners and life. He published his *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Regimen of Women* when Catherine de' Medici ruled in France, Elizabeth in England, and Mary in Scotland. He spoke boldly to Mary Queen of Scots of the punishment of Agag, "the fat and delicate king," of the death of "Jezebel, the false prophetess," or of the fate of the priests of Baal. He defied the Romish clergy, and threatened them with the vengeance of Heaven.

Of his wonderful eloquence the most remarkable accounts survive. His animated figure, his powerful voice, his fierce gesticulation, his madness of conviction, filled his hearers with astonishment and terror. A young student, James Melville, heard him preach in his old age at St. Andrews. He could scarcely walk alone, and was almost carried into the pulpit by his attendants. He began in a low tone. For half an hour he spoke slowly, but before he finished the fierce spirit of the reformer overcame the pains of age; his voice rose; his gesticulation became so vigorous and violent that it seemed as if he must dash the pulpit to pieces. His listeners trembled with emotion: they saw before them the prophet and the apostle of Scotland. His sermons had been followed by startling results. He preached against idolatry, and the people hastened to tear down the most famous
and sacked the most powerful mon
At length the queen-regent and the
clergy resolved to destroy the reform
Knox and the Protestant lords prepare
pose the foe by a united resistance. K
to begin the movement by preaching at
drews. He was to fling down the gag
fiance, and summon the people to his s
was June, 1559. The queen, enrag
threatening, lay not far from St. Andre
a strong force. The archbishop declare
Knox ventured to enter the pulpit his
retainers should shoot him down with t
verins. The town was filled with papis

HE CONGREGATION, THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1559.

ost famous shrines, werful monasteries. t and the Romish the reformers, and ds prepared to oppose stance. KNOX was reaching at St. Andrews wn the gage of defiance ple to his side. It een, enraged and n St. Andrews with hop declared that if e pulpit his armed own with their culverins with papists. His friends endeavored to dissuade him from preaching: all other men wavered. But KNOX declared that he would preach at St. Andrews in spite of bishop or queen; his conscience would not suffer him to withdraw. While a prisoner chained on a French galley, while in penury and exile, he had become convinced that he should preach at St. Andrews before he died. The moment had arrived; he would not draw back. His resolution fixed the destiny of Scotland, and the victory of the Reformation began with the sermon in the church of St. Andrews. On the 10th of June the resolute preacher ascended the pulpit in the midst of his foes, yet, supported by a large audience of the nobles and the people, no one ventured to disturb him. His text was the expulsion of the money-changers from the Temple. The money-changers were the priests and servants of arrogant Rome. We may readily conceive with what fierce eloquence, with what wild gesticulation, with what bold and unanswerable truthfulness, the apostle of Scotland declaimed against its spiritual oppressors, with what intense ardor of conviction he pierced the fables and the falsehoods of his adversaries. He preached three sermons successively. The people rose in their rage and sacked the monasteries of the Dominicans and the Franciscans; all Scotland blazed with the impulse of reform. The enraged queen and the cruel clergy shrank back intimidated before the resolute front of KNOX and his followers, and within ten years from the famous sermon at St. Andrews the Scottish nation had thrown off wholly the papal superstition, and by a wonderful transformation had established the simple worship and Scriptural doctrines of a pure Christianity. Worn with incessant labors, his powerful frame broken prematurely by imprisonment, exile, persecution, triumph, KNOX died in November, 1572, the founder of the Scottish Church.

An intense love of learning marked the Scottish reformers, and JOHN KNOX, in his *Book of Discipline*, provides for a general system of public instruction. He saw that knowledge was the only certain bulwark against papal superstition. His plan was, therefore, to place in every village a school for teaching the elements of learning; in every considerable town a college for the higher branches. His wish was in a measure carried out, and Scotland owes much of the vigor of its mental progress to the general education insisted upon by her early reformers.

Sir DAVID WILKIE has painted the reformer and his audience in the church of St. Andrews on the memorable 10th of June. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1832, and was purchased by the late Sir ROBERT PEEL. In 1871 it was bought for the nation with the rest of the PEEL collection. The fig-

ures in the picture are thus described in the Royal Academy catalogue: "Close to the pulpit, on the right of KNOX, are RICHARD BALLENDEN, his amanuensis, with CHRISTOPHER GOODMAN, his colleague, and in black, the Maltese knight, Sir JAMES SANDILANDS, in whose house the first Protestant sacrament was received. Beyond the latter, in the scholars' cap and gown, is that accomplished student of St. Andrews, the Admirable CRICHTON; under the pulpit is THOMAS WOOD, the precentor, with his hour-glass; the school-boy below is JOHN NAPIER, Baron of Merchiston, inventor of the logarithms; and further to the right is a child who has been brought to be baptized. On the other side of the picture, in red, is the Lord JAMES STUART, afterward Regent MURRAY; beyond is the Earl of Glencairn, and in front, resting on his sword, is the Earl of Morton, behind whom is the Earl of Argyle, whose countess, the half-sister of Queen MARY, and the lady in attendance upon her, make up the chief light of the picture. Above the group is JOHN HAMILTON, Archbishop of St. Andrews, supported by the Bishop BEATON, of Glasgow, with QUINTIN KENNEDY, the abbot of Cross Raguel, who maintained against KNOX a public disputation. In the gallery is Sir PATRICK LEARMONTH, provost of St. Andrews, and two of the bailies. The boy on their left is ANDREW MELVILLE, successor of KNOX; and beyond him, with other professors of the University of St. Andrews, is the learned BUCHANAN; at the back of the gallery is a crucifix, and in the obscurity above is an escutcheon to the memory of Cardinal BEATON."

(Continued from No. 834, page 1013.)

BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

I CAN SEE YOU NOW KISSING HER LITTLE TOES.

THE next day, being George's last day at home, was a day of sorrow to all the humble persons interested in his career. He was to start for Liverpool by an early train on the following morning, and was to pass his last evening at Ben Sparrow's, with the old man, and Bessie and Tottie, and his mother and father. He had decided to bid Bessie good-by in her grandfather's house. Bessie was for sitting up all night, but he said, gently,

"I think, Bessie, that mother would like to have me all to herself the last hour or two. You know what mothers are! By-and-by, heart's treasure! you will have the first claim on me; but now mother looks upon me as all her own, and it will comfort her heart, dear soul! to let it be as I say."

There were tears in George's eyes as he looked down upon the face of his darling, and his heart almost fainted within him at the thought of parting from her. And, "Do you love me, Bess?" he asked for the thousandth time.

"With all my heart and soul," replied Bessie, pressing him in her arms. And so, with his head bowed down to hers, they remained in silent communion for many minutes.

They were sitting in Ben Sparrow's parlor, and the old man had left the young people by themselves, finding occupation in his shop, in the contemplation of his effigy, and in weighing up quarters of a pound of sugar. There was a woful look in Ben Sparrow's face as he stood behind his counter; times were hard with him, and his till was empty.

"Bess, darling," said George, waking up from his dream. She raised her tearful eyes to his. He kissed them. "As I kiss away your tears now, my dear, so I will try to take sorrow and trouble from you when we commence our new life."

"I know it, George; I know it," she said, and cried the more.

"But that is not what I was going to say. I was going to say this. Listen to me, dearest; if it were not for you, I shouldn't go; if it were not for you, I should stay at home, and be content. For I love home, I love the dear old land, I love mother and father, and the old black cat, and the little house I was born in. And it's because of you that I am tearing myself from these dear things. I am going to earn money enough to make a home for you and me; to make you more quickly all my own, all my own! How my heart will yearn for you, dear, when I am over the seas! But it will not be for long; I will work and save, and come back soon, and then, my darling, then!—" The tenderness of his tone, and the tenderness there was in the silence that followed, were a fitter and more expressive conclusion to the sentence than words could have made. "I shall say when I am in the ship, I am here for Bessie's sake. When I am among strangers, I shall think of you, and think, if I endure any hardship, that I endure it for my darling—and that will soften it, and make it sweet; it will, my dear! I shall not be able to sleep very much, Bess, and that will give me all the more hours to work—for you, my darling, for you! See here, heart's treasure: here is the purse you worked for me, round my neck. It shall never leave me—it rests upon my heart. The pretty little beads! How I love them! I shall kiss every piece of gold I put in it, and shall think I am kissing you, as I do now, dear, dearest, best! I shall live in the future. The time will soon pass, and as the ship comes back, with me in it, and with my Bessie's purse filled with chairs and tables, and pots and pans, I shall see my little girl waiting for me, thinking of me, longing to have me in her arms, as I long to have her in mine. And then, when I *do* come, and you start up from your chair as I open the door!— Think of that moment, Bess—think of it!"

"Oh, George, George, you make me happy!"

And in such tender words they passed the next hour together, until George tore himself away to look after some tools, which he was to take with him to coin chairs and tables and pots and pans with. But if he did not wish his tools to rust, it behooved him not to bring them too close to his eyes, for his eyelashes were dewy with tears.

Now, late as it was in the day for such common folk as ours, Tottie had not yet made her appearance down stairs. The first in the morning to get up in the house was old Ben Sparrow, and while he was taking down his shutters, and sweeping his shop and setting it in order, Bessie rose and dressed, and prepared the breakfast. Then, when breakfast was nearly ready, Bessie would go up stairs to dress and wash Tottie; but on this particular morning, on going to the little girl's bedside, Tottie cried and sobbed, and shammed headache, and as Tottie was not usually a lie-abed, Bessie thought it would do the child good to let her rest. And besides being as cunning as the rest of her sex, Bessie was the more inclined to humor Tottie's whim, because she knew that George would be sure to drop in early; and if Tottie were out of the way, she and her lover could have the parlor all to themselves. George being gone, however, there was no longer any reason for Tottie keeping her bed; so Bessie washed and dressed the child, and was surprised, when taking her hand to lead her down stairs, to see Tottie shrink back, and sob and cry that she didn't want to go.

"Come, be a good child, Tottie," said Bessie; "grandfather's down stairs, and he wants to play with you."

At this Tottie sobbed and sobbed, and shook her head vehemently. She knew very well that it was impossible for Ben Sparrow to be down stairs, for had she not eaten him in the night, every bone of him? She was morally convinced that there was not a bit of him left. Grandfather play with her! He would never play with her any more; she had done for him! Her fears were so great that she fancied she could feel him stirring inside of her. But although she was rebellious, she was weak, and so, shutting her eyes tight, she went into the parlor with Bessie. Then she ran tremblingly into a corner, and stood with her face to the wall, and her pinafore over her head; and there Bessie, having more pressing cares upon her just then, left her. When Tottie, therefore, heard the old man's voice calling to her, she sobbed, "No, I never! No, I never!" and was ready to sink through the floor in her fright; and when the old man lifted her in his arms to kiss her, it was a long time before she could muster sufficient courage to open her eyes and feel his face, and his arms, and his legs, to satisfy herself that he was really real. And even after that, as if she could not believe the evidence of her senses, she crept toward him at intervals, and touched him, and pinched his legs, to make assurance doubly sure.

Ben Sparrow found it hard work to be playful to-day, and Tottie had most of her time to herself. If the anxiety depicted on his face were any criterion, his special cares and sorrows must have been of an overwhelming nature. In the afternoon young Mr. Million came in, spruce and dandified, and handsome as usual. The young gentleman was not an unfrequent visitor at the little grocer's shop, and would often pop in and chat for an hour with Ben Sparrow; he would sit down in the back parlor in the most affable manner, and chat and laugh as if they were equals. Bessie was not at home when he came this afternoon, and he seemed a little disappointed; but he stopped and chatted for all that, and when he went away, the old grocer brightened, and his face looked as if a load were lifted from his heart. His brighter mood met with no response from Bessie, when she came in shortly afterward. Some new trouble seemed to have come on her since the morning—some new grief to which she hardly dared give expression. She had been stabbed by a few presumably chance and careless words spoken by a neighbor—need it be told that this neighbor was a woman? No weapon can be keener than a woman's tongue, when she chooses to use it to stab. The woman who had uttered the words was young—a year older than Bessie—and it was known at one time that she was setting her cap at Bessie's sweetheart. But she had met with no encouragement from George, who, being wrapped heart and soul in Bessie, had no eyes for other women. George often nodded a laughing assent to a favorite saying of his mother's that "One woman was enough for any man: more than enough, sometimes," Mrs. Naldret would occasionally add. The stab which Bessie received shall be given in the few words that conveyed it.

"So George goes away to-morrow morning," was the woman's remark to Bessie, as she was hurrying home with heavy heart.

"Yes," sighed Bessie; "to-morrow morning."

"Ah," said the woman, "he'll be nicely cut up at leaving. I dare say he'd give a good deal if he could take some one with him."

"I am sure he would," said Bessie, thinking that by "some one" herself was meant.

"Oh, I don't mean you," said the woman, seeing the interpretation that Bessie put upon her words.

"Who do you mean, then?" asked Bessie, looking up quickly.

The woman laughed, and shrugged her shoulders.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Some girls *are* blind! Thank goodness, the best man in the world couldn't blind me so!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Bessie, in an agitated tone, all the blood deserting her face. "What have you to say against George?"

The woman laughed again.

"You've no cause to be jealous, Bessie," she said, "it's only a child. But I *do* think, if I was George's sweetheart"—Bessie's lip curled, and this little expression made the woman's tone more venomous—"I *do* think," she added, with scornful emphasis, "that if I was George's sweetheart—oh, you needn't curl your lip, Bessie!—I should ask him—who—Tottie's—father—was! A woman isn't worth that"—with a snap of her finger—"if she hasn't got a spirit."

And George's discarded left Bessie white and trembling, with this wound in her heart.

Bessie looked after the woman, dazed for a few moments by the accusation conveyed in the words; then she became suddenly indignant, and the blood rushed back to her face and neck; it dyed her bosom, and she knew it and felt it, and felt the stab there also. Then she hurried home.

Ben Sparrow did not notice her agitation at first; he was too much rejoiced at the lifting of a heavy weight from him. In the morning ruin had stared him in the face; a small creditor had come down upon him; had given him twenty-four hours to pay an account which, trifling as it was, he was not possessed of. But young Mr. Million had been to see him and had saved him. He would be able to pay this hard creditor—I am ashamed to say for how trifling an amount—in the morning, and he was exultant. "I am only too glad," this young gentleman had said, "to have the opportunity of rendering a service to Bessie's grandfather." When he departed, old Ben Sparrow actually danced in his parlor, in thankfulness for the danger escaped.

"Bessie," cried Ben Sparrow as his granddaughter entered, "young Mr. Million has been here."

Bessie nodded, scarcely heeding the words.

"He's a gentleman," continued Ben Sparrow, "every inch of him; to forget the past as he does."

"What past, grandfather?" asked Bessie. "Forget what?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing, my dear," exclaimed Ben, hurriedly, and coughing as if something had come up or gone down the wrong way. "What I say is, he's a gentleman, every inch of him."

"You said that before, grandfather."

"Did I? Oh yes, of course. But I am an old man, Bessie, and you must make allowances. We can't be all bright and fresh, and always happy as my dear child is."

Bessie kissed Ben Sparrow's neck, and laid her head on his shoulder. "Always happy, grandfather! Am I always happy?"

"Of course you are, dear child, and it's natural, and right, and proper. Sorry and grieved, of course, because your sweetheart's going away—but he'll be back soon, never fear. And we'll talk of him every day and every night, my dear, and the time 'll fly away"—he blew a light breath—"like that! Ah, my dear! it's only the old that knows how quickly time flies!"

Bessie said nothing, but pressed closer to the old shield that had sheltered her from babyhood to womanhood.

"And now see," said the old shield, "what young Mr. Million brought for you. And you're to wear them at once, he said, and I say so too, and I promised him you would, for he's coming here to-night, and is going to do me such a kindness as only the kindest heart in the world could do."

Ben Sparrow took from his pocket a little box, and opened it, and produced therefrom a piece of tissue-paper, and from the tissue-paper a pair of pretty turquois ear-rings, set in gold. Bessie scarcely looked at them, and allowed Ben to take from her ears the pair of old earrings she had worn for ever so many years, and replace them with Mr. Million's pretty present.

"You look, Bessie," said old Ben, falling back and contemplating her, "you look like a Princess! and it's my opinion, my dear, that you are every bit as good as one."

He held a piece of looking-glass before her, and desired her to look at herself. To please him she said they *were* very pretty, and then said, suddenly coming to what was uppermost in her mind, "Grandfather, I want you to tell me about Tottie."

"About Tottie, my dear!" exclaimed Ben Sparrow, wonderingly.

"Yes," replied Bessie, sitting down, "about Tottie. All I know is, that you came and asked me once if I would mind if you brought a little friendless girl home to live with us, and if I would take care of her."

"And you said, Yes, gladly, for it would be company for us, and would make the place pleasant. And I'm sure neither you nor me have ever repented it. If Tottie was our own flesh and blood we couldn't be fonder of her. I shouldn't know what to do without her, now I've got so used to her. I'll tell you the story by-and-by, my dear, when George has gone—"

"No," interrupted Bessie, so impetuously as to cause old Ben to jump; "now! I want to know now. Ah, dear grandfather! you have always been so good to me that I can't help being a tyrant."

"You a tyrant!" cried Ben, appealing with raised hands to the walls and the furniture to join him in the repudiation of the astonishing statement. "That's a good one, that is. Well, my dear, as you want to know at once, and as you're such a tyrant—ha, ha! I can't help laughing, my dear—here goes. It's now three years gone, Bess—before George and you began to keep company, my dear—that George comes and tells me a story of a poor little thing that had been thrown helpless upon the world. 'Such a pretty little thing!' says George, 'and not a friend but me to look after her! I wish I knew some one,' says George, 'who would take care of the dear; I'm sure I could never be grateful enough to them.' Then I asked how old the child was, and whether she did not have relations. 'Yes,' said George, 'she had two, but they had no home, and were altogether in too bad a position to take care of the little one.' Then I thought of you, my dear, and thought it would be company for my Bessie and for me, and that if we grew to love the child, there would be nothing to repent of. I told George this, and George confessed that he had the same thing in his mind too, and that was the reason why he spoke to me about it—hoping that I would say what I had said. And so, to cut a long story short, one night a woman came to the door with little Tottie in her arms, and kissed the child a-many times, and George brought Tottie in. I didn't see the woman's face, but I fancied that she was crying. I have often wished since that I had seen her face, the poor creature seemed in such distress. You remember, Bessie, when you came home an hour afterward, and found me sitting before the fire with Tottie in my lap, warming her little toes, how you fell in love with her directly, and how happy she made us, and how this very parlor was, because Tottie was with us, really made a great deal more cheerfuler than ever it had been before! You remember the wonderful dimples that came into her face when she looked at us, and broke out a-smiling, as much as to say, 'How do you do, old Ben and young Bess? I'm very glad to see you!' Why, it was as good as a play! I can see you now kissing her little toes, and can see her crowing and laughing when you kissed her neck—so fat, and so full of creases! and I can see her clinching her little fist and flourishing it in the air as much as to say, 'In this fist I've got a hundred-pound note, and all the world and his wife sha'n't take it from me!' Dear, dear! the child *has* been a comfort to us, and it was a bright day when she came into the house, the poor little thing! Then George says, 'You're not to be expected to keep Tottie for nothing, Mr. Sparrow; and here's three shillings a week, and when she gets a big girl perhaps we'll be able to spare more.' And he's paid the three shillings a week regular, and has brought little things for her now and then, such as a frock, you know, or a flannel petticoat, or a little pair of shoes. And that's the whole of the story, Bess."

Bessie had listened very attentively to the narration of Tottie's history, and now said, after a pause, with a strange hesitation in her voice,

"Grandfather, did George never tell you—who—Tottie's—father—was?"

"No, my dear. I remember once it coming up between us somehow, but George turned it off, and said it didn't matter to Tottie, who seemed as happy as the day was long—and so she was, and is, my dear."

At that moment "Shop!" was called, and Ben Sparrow hurried in to attend to his customer, and the subject dropped.

ONE KISS FOR HOPE, ONE FOR FAITH, AND ONE FOR LOVE.

TEA was over and cleared away in the little back parlor, and Bessie and old Ben Sparrow sat looking sadly into the fire. Tottie was also present in her high chair, but there was nothing of sadness in her thoughts. She was enjoying, in anticipation, what was spread upon the table; for after the fashion of humble folk, preparations had been made for "a party" on this last evening which George was to spend with them. There was a bottle of "sherry wine" on the table, and another of port, which old Ben had bought at a large grocer's shop over Westminster Bridge, at a cost, for the two bottles, of two shillings and fourpence; and that the wine was of an old and rich vintage, was proved by the

mildew and sawdust which clung to the bottles. There were six wine-glasses of different shapes and patterns; and there was a plate of almonds and raisins, and another of figs, and some small seed-cakes, and four oranges cut in quarters; so that altogether the table presented quite a festive appearance. There was nothing festive, however, in the countenances of Bessie and her grandfather; their faces were as sad as their thoughts. It was but natural. And yet they would have been loath to have confessed to each other the exact tenor of their contemplations.

A bustle in the shop caused Ben Sparrow to jump from his chair.

"That's Mr. and Mrs. Naldret," he said, and opened the parlor door and gave them welcome.

"Well, Bessie," said Mrs. Naldret, and "Well, my girl," said Jim Naldret, and they both kissed her, and shook hands with old Ben, who bustled about doing nothing, while Bessie assisted Mrs. Naldret to take off her bonnet and things. Mrs. Naldret had with one glance taken in the preparations for the party, and approved of them.

"What a pretty pair of ear-rings!" exclaimed Mrs. Naldret, admiring the turquois trifles in Bessie's pink ears, and, "Well, George is a sly one!" said Jim Naldret, pinching the pretty ears.

"George didn't give them to her," said Ben Sparrow, rubbing his hands; "no, nor me either. I'm not rich enough; though if I could afford it, Bessie should have had such a pair long ago, and a gold chain and a watch as well."

"She's pretty enough to have them," said Jim Naldret.

"And good enough," added Ben. "Well, I *am* glad to see you! But I wish it was to welcome George back instead of wishing him good-by. Eh, Bess?"

"Yes, grandfather," replied Bessie, with a heavy sigh.

Mrs. Naldret said nothing; she was thinking who had given Bessie the turquois ear-rings; she knew they could not have cost less than four pounds at least.

"There's George," said Jim Naldret, as the shop door opened.

Bessie turned eagerly to the door, but Ben Sparrow stepped before her and said, in a hurried, agitated tone,

"I should like to have a few quiet words with George, my dear; I sha'n't have another opportunity. Mrs. Naldret won't mind."

That worthy woman nodded, and Ben Sparrow, going into the shop, stopped George's entrance into the parlor.

"Don't go in for a minute," said Ben; "I want to speak to you."

"All right, grandfather; but I must have a kiss of Bessie first. Bessie!"

The girl ran into the shop at his call, and nestled in his arms for a moment.

"There! there!" exclaimed old Ben, taking Bessie's hand gently and kindly. "Go inside, Bess, my dear. That's all George wanted with you. We'll be in presently."

Bessie went into the parlor, and George's heart was like a nest from which the dearly loved bird had flown. That little embrace, with Bessie, warm and soft and tender, in his arms, contained such exquisite happiness as to be painful.

"I'll not keep you two minutes," said Ben Sparrow; "come to the door, so that we may not be heard."

They went to the shop door, and into the street, which they paced slowly as they conversed.

"As I was sitting inside by the fire just now, George," resumed Ben, "there came into my mind something which I think I ought to speak of before you go away. It brought back old-time memories too. You see, my dear boy, I am an old man, and there's no telling what may happen. It is a comfort to me that Bessie will have a good man for a husband—for I believe you to be good, and—and a man, George!"

"Indeed, Mr. Sparrow, I will do my best. It will be my happiness to make her happy."

"I believe it will be, George, and that's why I'm glad she will be yours. I have nothing to give her, George, nothing. I am so poor that I don't know which way to turn sometimes to pay little bills."

"I want nothing with her, Mr. Sparrow. I want no better fortune than Bessie herself." He was overflowing with love for his dear girl.

"She's good enough to be a Princess," said Ben, proudly, "good enough to be a Queen."

"She's my Princess and my Queen," replied George; "and she's a good girl and will be a good wife, and that's better than all."

"That it is—that it is. But don't interrupt me, George. I thought once I should be better off than I am, but something went wrong with me, and I lost all my little savings. Since then, I have been going down, till sometimes I think I can't go down any lower." Old Ben Sparrow paused here, and before he resumed closed his eyes, and put his hand over them, as if with his inner sense of sight he were looking into the past. "George, I am going to speak of Bessie's father—and my son; it is only right that I should, for you may meet him."

"Meet him, Mr. Sparrow?"

"Yes," replied the old man in a quiet tone. "I dare say you have heard that he ran away, years ago, in disgrace. Bessie was quite a little thing then, and I don't think any one has been so unkind as to speak of it to her. To tell you the truth, George, she believed years ago that her father was dead, and it is best that she should not be told different. And he may be dead, George, for all I know. He was employed as one of old Mr. Million's collectors, and he used money that didn't belong to him. He used my money too, and put my name to papers without my knowing; so that when he ran away, to prevent something worse happening, I had to pay, which brought me down, and kept me down, George. This is a solemn secret between us, George, and must never again be spoken of."

"I understand, Sir."

"But I thought it right that you should know before you go away. It don't alter your opinion of Bessie, does it, George? does it, my boy?"

"Alter my opinion of Bessie!" exclaimed George, warmly. "It gives her a greater claim on me. I love her more for it, dear girl, knowing how unhappy it would cause her to know this. Of course it must be kept from her!"

"Dear boy, God bless you! God bless you, dear boy!" cried old Ben Sparrow, with the tears running down his face. "And, George—when you make a little money, and come home with it to make Bessie happy, be contented. Don't go striving after riches, as my son did, and forget the meaning of honesty, and the happiness there is in contentment. From the time he ran away I have never had a line from him. But I heard that he was seen in Australia, and if he is alive you may meet him, for there are not many people there. Strange things *do* happen, George! You may meet him, and know him. I dare say he has grown something like me, but taller and more gentlemanly. Ah, that was his ruin, wanting to be a gentleman! Well, if you do meet him, George," and the old man took George's hand and pressed it hard, and twined his fingers with George's nervously; "if you do, give him—my—my love, George—my dear love—and tell him to write to me, and that his old father forgives him, George—that he forgives him! And tell him about you and Bessie, and how beautiful Bessie has grown, and how she's fit to be a Princess—" Old Ben broke down here, and George put his arm round the old man's neck, and patted him on the back, and said, "Yes, yes, Mr. Sparrow, I understand, I understand. I'll do all that you wish and in the way that you wish. And now that I know, I'll look out for him. What part of Australia do you think he's in?"

"I don't know, George; but Australia can't be very large. I've done right to tell you, George, haven't I?"

"Yes, quite right."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ACCORDING to the drift of observations upon the European salmon, about one-half of the young, after being hatched, remain in the rivers one year before they go to the sea, the other half staying two years. They are then believed to pass down in the early spring, weighing from three to five ounces, and to return in the fall as grilse of as many pounds. After sojourning for a short time in the fresh-water they return again to the sea before winter sets in, and come back the next spring as breeding fish of nine pounds and upward. Such is the most generally accepted hypothesis on the subject.

Several intelligent observers in this country are inclined to disbelieve in a continued stay in the fresh-water, and maintain that the young fish actually go to sea in the autumn of the same year in which they are born. Whether they come back the next year as grilse, or remain longer, they are unprepared to say. Indeed, in the waters of Maine it is said that grilse are very seldom seen, and that it is only the mature fish that make their appearance.

Recent examinations on the Miramichi are thought by Mr. STILWELL, of Bangor, to be strongly in favor of the assumption just referred to. He ascertained that the smolt spend the summer in the small brooks, where they remain until the autumn rains, after which they disappear, and are not seen any where after the month of October. Although trout were abundant, and could easily be captured, there was no evidence whatever that the young salmon remained in the waters.

The *Revista del Sur*, of Chili, states that showers of sand occurred on the 3d of July, in Araucania, of sufficient extent to cover up all the planted fields of the Indians, and oblige them to take refuge on the north side of the mountain. This rain, supposed to have come from an eruption of Mount Llaima, distressed the Indians so much as to drive them into the neighborhood of the white settlements.

The great zoological station at Naples under the direction and at the expense of Mr. ANTON DOHRN continues to advance toward completion, and it is expected that by the beginning of the coming year it will be ready to enter upon its field of usefulness. Considerable modifications have lately been made in its internal construction, all tending to give increased efficiency to the establishment. Tables arranged for investigators will be held at the disposal of such governments and societies as make suitable contributions toward their equipment. Every facility is to be furnished in the way of tanks and arrangements for preserving specimens, and for receiving animals and keeping them alive as long as it may be desirable to study them; and a constant supply of marine animals will be kept up by means of fishing and dredging expeditions, which will be sent out every day that the weather permits. Contributions from friends of science are daily received at this deserving establishment.

A writer in *Land and Water* thinks he observes a relation between the presence of jelly-fish, or medusæ, on the British coast and the potato blight. According to his account, the jelly-fish has been excessively abundant on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland during the past season; so much so, indeed, as to carry away or to clog up the salmon and herring nets so as to render them unfit for use. For a time they were closely packed along the entire coast, extending seaward forty miles, or even more, and the air was affected by the odor emitted by their decomposition.

They are considered so excessively poisonous to man and animals that the touch of their streamers on the hand or on the face produces a most intolerable itching and inflammation. The writer of the article referred to thinks that either the solid particles from the dried-up jelly-fish, or the emanations from their decomposing bodies, being carried inland from the sea, strike the potato vines and produce the disease.

A company has been organized, under the authority of the State of Florida, for the purpose of digging a ship-canal across the peninsula, to extend from St. Johns River, through Lake Kerr and the Ocklawaha River, to Silver Spring, which is the summit, and where there is an abundant supply of water; thence westerly twenty-four miles to Blue Spring; thence nine miles to Fort Clinch, on the Withlacoochee; and thence down this river nine miles to the Gulf—a total distance of fifty-two miles. It is stated that any required depth of water can be obtained, with a small lockage and moderate expense of construction. If this idea be carried out, and also that of constructing a canal across Delaware, New Jersey, and Cape Cod, vessels will be able to pass readily during the stormy season from one part of the Union to the other with very slight exposure to the ordinary perils of navigation.

The question has frequently been started as to whether the salmon feeds in fresh-waters, and careful examination of many specimens in England has failed to reveal any thing in their stomachs. During the past summer Mr. CHARLES G. ATKINS, who has penned up six hundred salmon at Bucksport, Maine, with a view of keeping them until their spawning season, was careful to save the stomachs of all the fish that died in his charge, amounting to twenty or thirty in all. They were principally taken below Bucksport, in Penobscot Bay, in weirs, and brought alive to his establishment. The stomachs of these fish were submitted to Professor SIDNEY J. SMITH, of New Haven, our leading carcinologist, in order that he might ascertain whether they contained remains of crustacea or other marine animals, and after diligent investigation he reports that nothing of the kind can be found. In the intestines of one specimen two small bits of wood were met with.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE new Post-office, south of the City Hall, already presents in its unfinished state an imposing appearance, and begins to tower above surrounding buildings. The Broadway front is nearly ready for the Mansard-roof, which will, of course, be fire-proof. About two hundred and fifty workmen have been for some time past employed upon the building itself, but that number only represents a fraction of the whole number—perhaps twelve or fifteen hundred—who in various ways, at the quarry and in the iron foundry, are engaged upon some portion of work to be incorporated into the building. It is estimated that the edifice has thus far cost about four millions of dollars, and that another million will be required to complete it, including the finishing of the interior. The stone used in this structure is brought from Dix's Island, Maine.

The year 1872 will be memorable as a year of disaster, though, unfortunately, this will be no special distinction, for *every* year seems freighted with appalling calamities. The *Metis*, the *Bienville*, the *Missouri*, the *Scanderia*, the *Sacramento*, the *Guatemala*, and a host of other names bring to mind disasters by sea, while terrific gales and cyclones have swept with desolating force over land and ocean, and fires have ravaged cities, and floods inundated large sections of country.

Italy has suffered fearfully from recent inundations: it is stated that 100,000 men, women, and children are homeless fugitives, dependent on charity, and hundreds are known to have perished in the floods. In ordinary weather the fertile plains in the valley of the Po are protected by dikes, but when extraordinary rains come the danger is evidently great. Formerly in some parts of Italy the ablest engineers were employed by government upon the hydraulic defenses of certain exposed sections, but now the inhabitants of each province make the best defense they can. In the late floods private houses and public buildings were alike pulled down to furnish materials to strengthen the dikes. At Casal-Maggiore alone fifty-two houses and two churches were thus sacrificed, and 50,000 bags of stones were collected and used for the same purpose.

The horrors of city conflagrations become more and more awful. A little before midnight on the night of December 10 a fire was discovered in the upper story of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where were the sleeping-rooms of the servants of the establishment. The alarm was given, and streams of water were soon pouring upon the burning building. The panic always attendant upon a fire followed: guests rushed hither and thither collecting their baggage, packing up their goods, and hurrying out of the house. But high up in the seventh story were sleeping girls, whose means of escape were cut off by a burning stairway. Some, indeed, succeeded in rushing through the flames, some tore the wire netting from the windows and took refuge on the roof, but not all. In two fated rooms perished eleven women. The details of their dreadful death will ever remain a mystery. Whether they were mercifully suffocated before the scorching flames reached them will never be known. The charred remains, burned and blackened beyond all hope of recognition in most cases, were removed to the Morgue. No other lives were lost, though many were seriously injured, and of course the hotel was much damaged both by fire and water. Every fire speaks in warning tones to every individual, especially to those who have the charge of planning and constructing large buildings, and those who manage large establishments. Easy means of escape from every part of a building, in case of fire, should be an essential consideration on the part of architects, and fire-proof stairways should always exist in a hotel. Of course, whenever an alarm of fire is given, the first consideration should be to save life.

What will not the ever-inquisitive Parisian police discover? There was one Monsieur Mougny, who made a good living in Paris by selling delicately carved crucifixes, statuettes, snuff-boxes, and similar ornamental things, fashioned out of bone. But whence came the bone? queried the police; and they pounced upon the luckless merchant, who after much hesitation acknowledged he bought the material from the grave-diggers.

Documentary stamps unused on the 1st of last October, being no longer required by the new revenue law, may be redeemed by the holder sending them to the Department of Internal Revenue at his own risk and expense. Blank instruments with stamps imprinted thereon may also be forwarded to the department, to be examined, counted, and canceled. Where stamps have been canceled, or bear other *prima facie* evidence of having been used, an affidavit should set forth all the facts, and the stamps should be attached to the instruments on which they were used.

An intimate friend of Horace Greeley has stated that Mr. Greeley told him months ago that he had not had a good sound sleep for months. This fact probably accounts for the habit the famous journalist had of dropping into a doze at unexpected times and in unusual places. He doubtless felt forced to sleep whenever he could. Nature will not long suffer herself to be defrauded of her rights, and those who can not sleep at night may well be alarmed. When the brain is overwrought, sleeplessness ensues; and if this becomes habitual, neither brain nor body can endure the lack of rest long. There is much truth in a remark recently made: "Men of intellectual toil, you are careful of the candle to keep it burning brightly; you had better begin to look after the candlestick!"

Among the "expenses" of the late election are mentioned 110 Bibles, costing $135. The interesting query arises, what has become of all the Bibles used in taking oaths of office, etc., in past elections? Were they entirely used up in the service?

Years ago, among the infamous houses in the Fourth Ward of this city, one of the most notorious was "Kit Burns's Rat-Pit," a nightly rendezvous of miserable men and women. About three years since a change was brought about by Christian effort, and a "Home for Women" was opened in this very spot, and still is located there, under the superintendence of Rev. W. H. Boole. In connection with the "Home" there is a chapel, in which public religious services are held on Sunday and evenings of the week. A voluntary movement has been made by friends of this mission to raise funds to procure a larger and a permanent house and chapel, the present building having become too small for the increasing work. To this end it is proposed to open, on December 18, a "bazar," where articles and goods of various kinds donated by the benevolent will be sold. This "bazar" will be held in the armory of the Seventy-first Regiment, National Guard, at the junction of Sixth Avenue, Broadway, and Thirty-fifth Street, and will continue eight days. Goods or cash contributions, sent to the care of Miss Julia A. Barker, will be a welcome aid to this enterprise, which is commended by many well-known clergymen and benevolent men and women to all liberal hearts.

The Parisian insurance system differs from the American; losses are never paid on the premises where the fire originates. The insured only recover where fire communicates from a neighboring conflagration. The result is natural; there are few fires in Paris in time of peace.

Every great disaster brings out noble deeds from noble hearts. The Boston fire was no exception to this rule; yet the *Weekly Trade Circular* discloses an incident that illustrates another side of human nature. Mr. Stocking, an efficient agent for Harper & Brothers, has his office at Lee & Shepard's, in Boston. Through the anxious hours of that fiery Saturday night and Sunday morning he watched the flames, guarding with vigilance the interests of his employers. At last, when the destruction of the store seemed inevitable, he packed a small valise with account-books, tied the remainder in a bundle, and with them walked to Charlestown to the Waverley House, where he formerly boarded and was well known, and giving his two packages to the clerk, asked him to lock them up for safe-keeping. It seemed a small favor for an old patron to ask, who had sent many friends to the house. On Monday, when the safety of Lee & Shepard's store was fully assured, Mr. Stocking called at the Waverley for his two small packages, received them from the hands of the clerk, and was told that the *charge for storage would be six dollars and a half!* The money was paid; but comment is unnecessary.

In Portsmouth prison, England, the prisoners are encouraged to spend their spare time in studying. Instruction is given them, and many make excellent progress. This is a good idea; education is a safeguard against crime to a considerable extent.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle, Mr. Talmage, pastor, has been the victim of an ingenious system of robbery. For some time past the trustees have been mystified at the disappearance of money, in sums varying from $25 to $100, from the collection boxes. These boxes, eighteen in number, are placed in receptacles, or "pigeon-holes," made for the purpose in the front of the pastor's platform. The "pigeon-holes" extend through the platform nearly three feet, or the length of a box and handle. A few Sundays ago one of the deacons, who was sitting in front of the platform, made a remarkable discovery. The collection had been taken up, and the boxes returned to their places. The deacon's eyes happened to be resting upon the "pigeon-holes," when he was startled by the sudden disappearance of one of the handles, which had protruded a little from the hole. He rubbed his eyes, but kept them fixed on the place. Presently another handle disappeared, and then a third. This little incident necessitated the services of police detectives, who, after a couple of weeks, discovered the robber, who had been accustomed to crawl under the platform through the organ-room, remove the back part of the pigeon-holes, and empty the boxes.

A SIP AT THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI, ROME.

A SIP AT THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

THE illustration on this page refers to a popular superstition held in Rome that whoever before departing from the Eternal City takes a sip at the fountain of Trevi, will surely return. There is a hidden spell in the water. Some dread power is supposed to lurk there. When NERO bathed in the source the sacrilege was followed by a pestilence. Roman maidens have for ages believed in its potency, and have made the fountain their last trysting-place when their lovers were setting out from Rome.

To celebrate the rite duly a virgin glass is necessary, which must be shivered the instant its draught is drained, never to be contaminated by other waves or other lips. Some make an oblation of pence to the god or the presiding nymph; but this would suppose her mercenary, and the custom is not general.

The artist to whose pencil our readers are indebted for this graceful sketch, Mr. SYDNEY HALL, thus describes the visit: "One evening a party of us *did* the Coliseum by moonlight and the fountain at once. There were among us two on the eve of departure, and to them this visit was a solemn rite. Our guides were some young ladies, who had Rome at their fingers' ends, and they led us to the Coliseum by the darkest and the most roundabout way. We were rather afraid of lurking bandits, but none turned up. At last the big ruin loomed in sight. The night was perfection, the moon a faultless circle, the air clear and frosty. We found the *custode*, and very soon we were roaming in the arena, awestruck all of us by the gloom and terror of the place. We stood by the cross in the centre, and some of us uttered very appropriate sentiments. The rest were dumfounded. Then by torchlight we mounted the steps that led to the benches. Perilous precipices some were, but we gained the summit. And then we looked down from the topmost bench into the arena. What a whirlpool of benches lay below us! How tiny must the combatants have seemed; and what a thin, small thing their death-cry would sound up here! The wounds and faces could not have been visible at all, and so we wonder less that the audience was pitiless.

"Here a lady, already in despair at leaving Rome, grew dizzy at the sight, and felt tempted to throw herself headlong down, even before empty benches. We prevailed on her not to do so, but to go to Trevi, and so insure return. Accordingly we all went, and soon stood at the brink of the fountain. We all drank, and some of us threw the god a copper. I forget what glasses we used. I fancy some of us made natural cups with our hands, and one couple, who were suspected at the time of being *spooney*, made one cup do for two. But with this exception the party did not drink out of virgin glasses, and so the effect of the spell was perhaps weakened."

A HOLIDAY RECEPTION AMONG THE JUVENILES.

WIDE AWAKE—CHRISTMAS-EVE.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

TURQUOISES.

On the picturesque old bridge over the Arno in Florence, known as the Ponte Vecchio, the traveler finds himself strolling between two antique rows of toppling houses, the abode of the guild of goldsmiths. It would be strange indeed if even now there were nothing in the way of jewelry worth seeing in the city of Benvenuto Cellini. But that which most attracts and fixes the traveler's attention is the abundance and beauty of the Turquoises. This dainty and lovely stone, the name of which attests its Oriental origin, is to the charming capital of Tuscany what the Garnet is to Vienna, and Coral to Naples. Yet the Turquoise is neither found in Tuscany nor in Turkey, but in Persia. Khorassan supplies it chiefly to commerce by way of the great fairs of Tiflis in Armenia, and of Nischni-Novgorod in Russia. Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, of 22 John St. (up stairs), have a number of fine specimens of this stone. The Shah of Persia is said to keep the best Turquoises, as the King of Burmah keeps the best Rubies. Yet it is so exquisitely adapted to the toilette, especially of our northern and golden-haired beauties, that we do contrive to obtain it. It harmonizes admirably with brilliants. We do not know that we quite accept the ancient superstition that the wearer of a Turquoise is safe from contagion; but we are quite disposed to believe that a susceptible person might not be safe, absolutely, from a lovely blonde wearing a set of Turquoises and Diamonds from the atelier in John Street.—[*Com.*]

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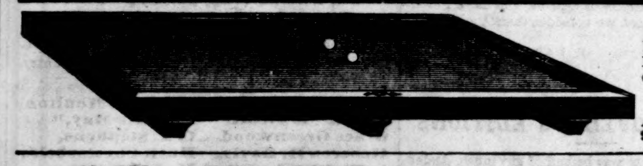
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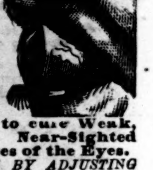
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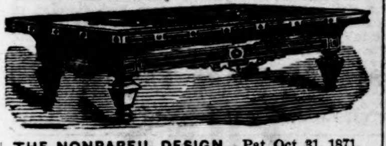

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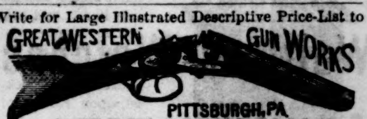

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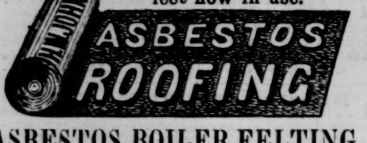

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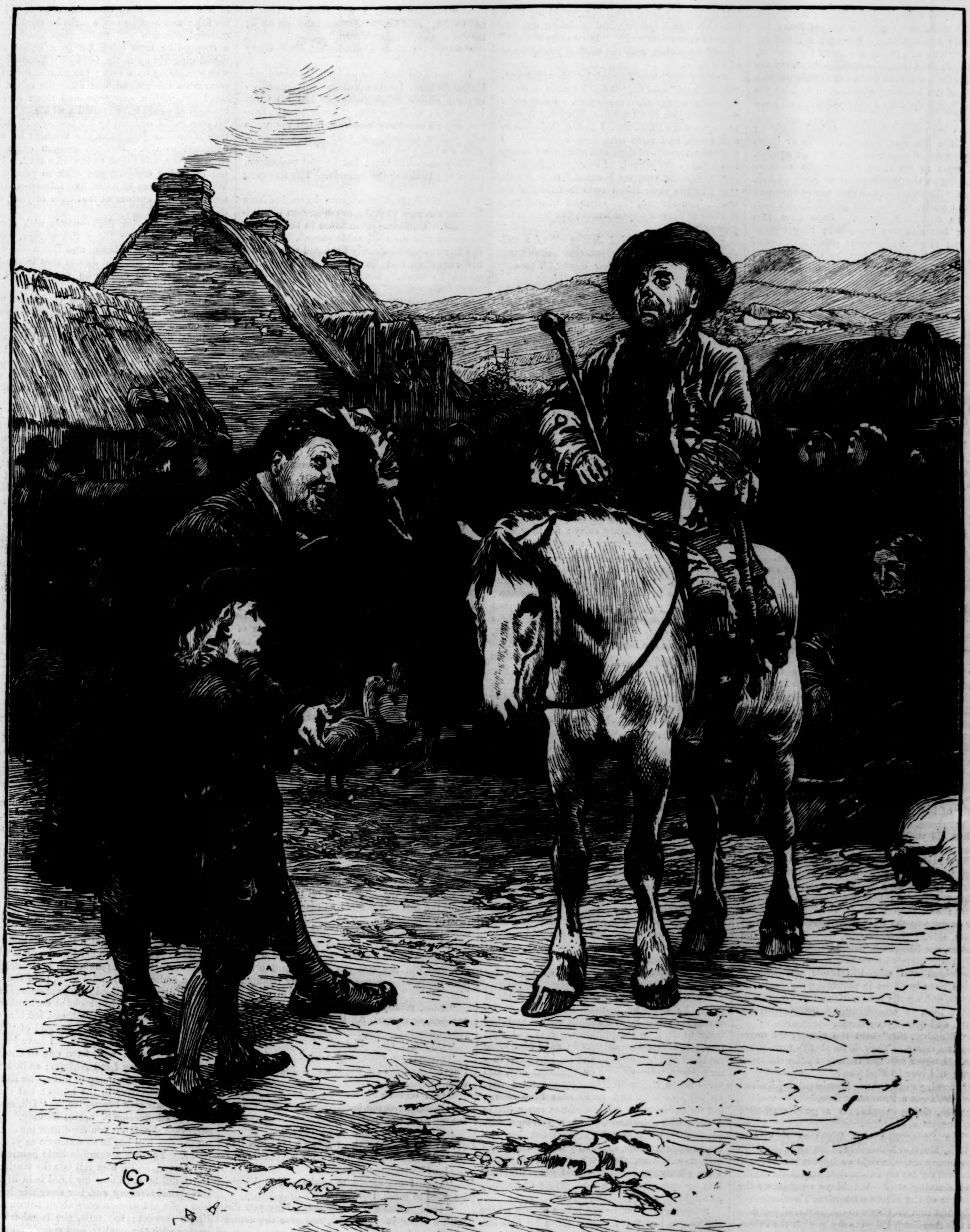


THE WANDERING HEIR.

"'Who is your father, friend?' asked the O'Brien. 'An' please your worship, he is my Lord Altham.' The O'Brien made a wry face. 'That is not Oirish,' said he. 'Some mushroom Lord; may be one of William's men.'"—CHAPTER I.

THE WANDERING HEIR.

Vixere fortes ante Ortöna.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER I.

ONE raw, windy day, in the spring of 1726, there was a strange buzzing by the side of a public road in the very heart of old Ireland. It came from a great many boys, seated by the road-side, plying their books, and slates, with here and there a neighborly prod, followed by invectives, whispered—for the Pedagogue was marching up and down the line with a keen eye, and an immensely long black ruler well known to the back and limbs of the scholars, except three or four, whose fathers asked him to dine on poultry, or butcher's meat, whenever those rarities were at the fire. The school-room stood opposite, and still belched through its one window the peat-smoke that had driven out the hive. There was a chimney; but so constructed that, on a windy day, the smoke pooh-poohed it, and sought the sky by vents more congenial to the habits of the nation.

The boys were mostly farmers' sons, in long frieze coats, breeches loose at the knee, clouted shoes tied with strips of raw neat-skin, and slovenly caubeens; but there was a sprinkling of broadcloth, plain three-cornered hats, and shoe-buckles; there were also five or six barefooted urchins, not the worst scholars there; for this strange, anomalous people, with many traits of the pure savage, had been leaders in medieval literature, had founded the University of Paris, and had still a noble reverence for learning; the humblest would struggle to pay a sharp boy's schooling, and so qualify him for business, perhaps for the priesthood itself, pinnacle of an Irish peasant's ambition. Aloof from this mot-

ley line stood a single, timid figure; a boy with delicate skin, and exquisite golden hair; his face pale and anxious. He wore a strait-cut coat, scarlet once, but now a rusty red, no hat, shoes with steel buckles—and holes. This decayed little gentleman peered anxiously round a corner of the building, and as soon as ever the school broke up, with horrid yells, ran and hid himself.

Too late; one quick young eye had seen him; and, while the rest dispersed—two or three galloping off on rough ponies, neck or naught, in a style to set their unfortunate mothers screaming to the Saints—a little party of five, eager for diversion on the spot where they had suffered study, chased that golden-haired boy, with an appalling whoop. Fear gave him wings; but numbers prevailed; they caught him, and plagued him sore; gibed him, poked him, pinched him, got him by the head and legs and flogged a tree with him, and, in the exuberance of their gay hearts, pumped on his head till he gasped, and cried for mercy—in vain.

"That is foul play—five to one," said a cheerful voice—*crick, crack, crick, crack, crack*—and in a moment Master Matthews, one of the superior scholars, made all five heads ring with a light shillalah, but not a grain of malice; only he was a promising young cudgel player, and must be diverted as well as the younger ones. The obstreperous mirth turned, with ludicrous swiftness, to yells of dismay; but the warlike spirit of the O'Tooles and the O'Shaughnessys soon revived; the Pedagogue and his solitary servant Norah ran out staring, just in time to see battle arrayed with traditionary skill; here a crescent of five, armed with stones, there Master Matthews, with a tree at his back, the lid of a slop-pail for shield, and a shillalah for sword, grinding his teeth and looking dangerous, the fair-haired boy, clasping his hands, apart.

"Och, ye disperadoes! ye murtherin villins! what is this at all?" cried Mr. Hoolaghan.

Then each side set to work to talk him over.

"Masther avick," whined the army, "he broke our heads, and kilt us with his murtherin shillalah, the maraudin villin, intirely."

"Masther dear, they were five to one, torminting the life out of this little boccawn. Why didn't ye catch up a flint and crack their skulls like nuts at Hallow-e'en?"

"Och! hear to the fungaleering ruffin!" And five hands were lifted high in a moment, each armed with a pebble.

Then the Pedagogue grew warm, and gave them what he called his "tall English." "The first that rises a hand I'll poolverize um. Lay down your bellicose weapons, ye insurrectionary thaves, or Norah shall perforate ye—bring the spit out, wench—and transfix ye to the primises, while I flagellate ye by dozens, till the blood pours down yer heels; lay down yer sprig of homicide, and stand on it this minit, ye vagabone, or I'll baste you with the kitchen poker, till your back is coorant jelly and your head is a mashed turnup."

Mrs. Malaprop observed, in the next generation, that "there is nothing so conciliating to young people as a little severity," and so it proved even in this: the weapons were laid down; and then Matthew Hoolaghan, changing at once to the most affectionate and dulcet tones, said, "Now, honeys, we'll discoorse the matter, not like the barbarian voolgar, that can only ratiocinate with a bludgeon, but like good Chrischins and rale Piripatetic philosophers that I have insensed in polite larning, multiplication, and all the humanities, glory be to God. Spake first, ye omadhaun, ye causa titirrima belly, and revale your crime."

"Masther, Sir," said the victim, "I never done no crime. They do be always tormenting me. I never offinded them. Spake the truth now; did iver I offind you?"

"Sowl, ye did thin. Masther dear, look at um: he's got a Protestant face."

"Oh, fie! my father is a good Catholic; isn't he, then, Sir?"

The Pedagogue took fright at this turn. "Och, murther! murther!" he shrieked, "ye conthrairy divils, would ye import the apple o' discord, an' set my two parishes cracking skulls, and starving me? Would ye conflagrate the Timple of the Muses with ojum Theologicum? The first that divairges to controvarsial polimics in this Acadimy, I'll go to my brother the Priest, and have him exkimminicated alive. Face! it is a likely face enough, I'm thinkin'."

"It's the purtiest in the school, ony way," said Norah—the argument having now come within her scope—"and a dale the clanest." Whereupon one of these ready imps reminded her it was the oftenest pumped on.

Said another, "He shouldn't pretind to be a Lord's son, then, the little glorigoteen."

"But I am a Lord's son," said the boy, stoutly. Then there was a roar of derision. But the boy persisted that he was Lord Altham's son, and half the county of Wexford belonged to his father. Both sides appealed to the master; but he only said "Hum!" So Norah put in her word, and said the boy had been brought there by a great lord, in a coach and six; and the lord had kissed him tenderly, and called him his darling Jemmy, in her sight and hearing.

Mr. Hoolaghan admitted all that, but said, "If he was my Lord's *real* son, would my Lord leave his board, lodging, and schooling unpaid, these fourteen months?" "Divil a one of him!" replied an urchin, with the modest promptitude of his tribe.

Jemmy was himself struck by this argument. "Alas, then," said he, "I fear he must be dead. He was always good to me before. I was never away from him in all my life till now. Norah, when we were at Kinna, I had a little horse, and boots, and rode with him a-hunting. I went to a day-school then, and mine was the only laced hat in the school. I brought it here."

"Thrue for you, ma bouchal," said Norah, "and by the same token 'twas that thief o' the warld, Tim Doolan, that stripped it, and gave the lace to his cross-eyed wench, bad luck to the pair of 'em."

"Oh, masther!" cried James all of a sudden, clasping his hands, "you that knows every thing, tell me, is my father dead? The only friend I have. Ochoon! Ochoon!"

"Nay, nay," said Hoolaghan, touched by this cry of despair, "Jemmy avick, if Lord Altham is your father, ye needn't cry, and wring your hands; for he is alive, bad cess to him: my cousin seen him in Dublin a sennight ago, spinding money like wather, and divil a tinpenny has he paid me this fourteen months."

"Masther, Sir," said Jemmy, firmly, "how far is it to Dublin, av ye plase?"

"A hundre miles and more."

"Then I'll go to him there, Sir."

There was an ironical shout.

"Give me one good male to start on, and I'll go; for I'm a lost boy here; and I'm ashamed to be in this place, an' him not paying for me, like the rest."

Now this sudden resolution was quite agreeable to Hoolaghan. Norah took the boy into the kitchen, to feed him for the journey. The cubs began to feel rather sorry; for they were thoughtless, not bad-hearted; they scraped together fourpence for his journey. Norah gave him an old hat, and kisses, and a word of feminine advice. "Ma bouchal," said she, "whiniver you are in trouble, spake to the women; they will be *your* best friends; but keep clear of your own color—not intirely—only brown women, and yellow women, is more prifirabler, by raison you are fair, like an angel herself."

The boys set him on his road a mile; then stopped, and blessed him, and asked his forgiveness, being, to tell the truth, now quaking in the shoes of superstition, lest he should put "the hard word" on them at parting, and him "a piece of an orphan," as the biggest remarked. But his nature was too gentle for that: he forgave them, and blessed them, and they all kissed him, and he kissed them, and they went their way. But Matthews would go another mile with him. At parting, he said, "Tell me God's truth. Are ye that Lord's son?"

"Indeed, then, I am, Sir."

"I wish I had known before. Let me look at thee well. I wonder whether I shall ever meet thee again, purty Jemmy."

"Indeed and I hope so, Sir; for you are all the friend I iver found in this place."

"Jemmy, it seems hard, to make friends one afternoon and then to part forever," said the elder boy, philosophizing.

Jemmy's heart was swelling already; and, at this, the lonely boy began to cry piteously. Then Matthews blubbered right out; and so they cried together, and kissed one another many times, and James Annesley began his wanderings.

He walked on till dusk, and saw a small farm: he went by Norah's advice; made up straight to the farmer's wife, and asked her leave to sleep on the premises. She looked at him full before she answered; gave him some potatoes and buttermilk, and let him sleep in a little barn. He walked on the next day, and fared much the same; but, by the third day, he got foot-sore, and could only limp along; but he persevered: he sometimes got a lift in a cart, and sometimes, when a farmer's wife or daughter, on horseback, overtook him, he would appeal to her, especially if she was dark; and true it was, the dark women, of whom were plenty in Ireland, would generally take him up and give him a ride, before or behind, as might be most convenient.

Still creeping on, he got into a county where the people had faces unlike those he had left behind, and both men and women wore long frieze cloaks, and the women linen head-dresses, and sometimes a handkerchief over that: and he limped into a village where was a sort of fair; but he had no money left to spend, and he sat down on the shaft of a cart, disconsolate, and, and seeing others so merry, began to weep with fatigue, hunger, and sorrow. By-and-by a man saw him, and asked him what ailed him: and he told his sad case. "Nay, then, Sir," said the man, "you must come to the O'Brien." He took him to a little old man, exceedingly shabby, on a little white horse: he doffed his caubeen, and said, "An' it plase your honor's worship, this is a gintleman's son in throuble; he's hunting his own father—Glory be to God."

"Who is your father, friend?" asked the O'Brien.

"An' please your worship, he is my Lord Altham."

The O'Brien made a wry face. "That is not Oirish," said he. "Some mushroom Lord; maybe one of William's men."

"Nay, Sir; he is a good Catholic. Glory be to the Saints."

By this time there was a bit of a crowd collected to hear; but the dialogue was interrupted by a simple fellow, who had lost his wife: he burst in wildly, crying, "Arrah, people, people, did ye see Mary Sullivan, a tall woman, a tall yellow woman, not very yellow intirely, with a white pipe in her cheek?"

They roared at him; but he just rushed on, repeating that strange formula. The fair rang with it.

Well, the little old scarecrow, descended from Ireland's Kings, took Jemmy home on his saddle-bow. Caubeens were lifted in the village, wherever this decayed noble passed. He told the boy the whole county belonged to him and his ancestors, and he should sup and sleep where he liked. Finally, he showed him a large mansion, and a cabin, not far apart; let him know that these houses were his; only various families had lived in the mansion for the last few centuries. "Now, Sir," said he, "will you slape in my large house, where other people live this five hundred years, by my lave, or in my small house, where I live—at prisent—for my convaynience?" Says Jemmy, "Sir, the small house, if it please you; by reason I desire your company, as well as your house."

The mighty scarecrow was pleased with this answer, and took him to his mud-cabin. He sent his one servant, a bare-legged girl, to demand a rasher from a neighboring farmer. No doubt she said the O'Brien had company; for eggs and perch were sent directly, as well as a large piece of bacon. The two personages supped together, and slept on one heap of straw.

In the morning, one peasant brought buttermilk, and another trout, and another oatmeal, and another a vehicle, the body of which was a square box, suspended on a strap: and the O'Brien's guest was taken five miles on his road, and his blessing sought by his conductor, a simple peasant, who discoursed on the grandeur of the O'Brien, and boasted that neither he nor his race had ever done a hand's turn of work—and would never be allowed to—in the country.

James limped out of that county into another, and met with no adventure, till he came to Dunnyshallan, and was turned into a dice-box.

The young men of the village had cut a gigantic backgammon board on the green, very neat; it occupied the sixth part of an acre; and they had black and white flag-stones to play with. Their dice-box was always a boy; and, catching sight of James, one sang out, "*Hurrooh! here's a strange gossoon. We'll have luck all round.*"

So James was seated on high, with his back to the players, and ordered, on pain of death, to sing out sixes, fours, quatre-ace, and all the combinations *ad libitum*. He complied, to avoid worse; and then it was he learned the literature of curses; in which this one small island was so fertile and ingenious, that all the blasphemy in all the rest of Europe was poor and monotonous by comparison. The infinite maledictions would doubtless have instructed and amused him, had they been leveled at another; but, being fired at him whenever he called a number that did not suit the player, and uttered with every appearance of fury, they frightened him, and he began to tremble and snivel.

"Now, thin, ye vagabone, give me a good number, or may St. Anthony's sow trample out your intrails."

"Oh! oh! oh! Sixes."

"Sixes! ye conthrary villin! Is it sixes I'm asking? The divil go a buck-hunting with ye."

"Oh! oh! oh!"

"Never heed the bally-ragging ruffin. Cry for me now, honey."

"Oh! I'm afraid. Deuce-ace."

"Och, ye're a broth of a boy. May ye live till the skirts of your coat knock your brains out! Now cry for Barney."

"Oh! I am afraid to spake. The Virgin be good to me. Deuce-ace."

"Och, ye thafe o' the world. May you die with a caper in your heel, and give the crows a puddin'."

And so on till dark, when a losing player threatened to murther the Dice: a winner objected: the two quarreled: shillalahs crossed; a ring was made; and there was much subtle play, and the whistling cudgels parried, or met with a clash, and bent over each other; till at last Jemmy's friend parried an excessive blow, and, rising nimbly, delivered such a crasher on the other's skull, that it literally shot him to the ground like a bullet, and he rolled over, by the impetus, after he landed.

Then Jemmy screamed with dismay; but the more experienced laughed at his notion of what the true old Irish skull would bear, and the victor took him home to supper and bed—*i. e.*, stirabout and straw.

He came to a fall in a river, eight feet high, and saw salmon glittering prismatic in the sun, like rainbows, as they leaped; but they struck the descending column a foot too low, struggled in it a moment, then came down as stupid as tin fish: and here he saw a sight he might have traveled creation and never seen elsewhere; a corpse-like man lying flat in a coffin, and towed gingerly up to the fall by his bare-armed wife straddling on a rock; the man caught the salmon on the ground, one after the other, by the belly, with a cart rope and three barbed hooks that would have landed a whale. 'Twas his own coffin, ordered by his uneasy wife, with true Hibernian judgment, the moment he was expected to die. But the salmon came up from the sea, and began to leap like mad. Pat put off dying directly, and took to poaching. We are creatures of habit, and salmon-slaughtering was his custom at that time of year, not dying.

The woman being dark—partly with dirt—James besought her for a fish supper. She boiled him half a salmon, and threw the rest to the pig; but she told James that in the big towns there were fools who would give 4*s.* a hundred-weight for the trash.

Within fifteen miles of the capital he witnessed two abductions, one real, one sham; both commonish customs. The imitation was the lineal descendant of the real, and the men hallooed and galloped so much alike in both pageants, and the two brides screamed so much alike, that he never knew for certain which was the pseudo-Sabine, which the real—and never will.

His feet were bleeding; his clothes only just hung together; his little heart was faint; when at last he mounted a hill, and looked down on a city, which, by its buildings, its size, and its blue-slated roofs, far transcended all that he had ever imagined of a mortal city. The town did not then overflow into pretty villas. Mud-cabins prevailed up to the city gates, and from them this weary, wondering child plunged into streets and mansions. At the very first street he stopped, and asked a decent man where Lord Altham lived. The decent man met this question by another: "How was he to know?" The same answer was returned in the next street, and the next; and this poor little mite of humanity wandered up and down in vain. Then a great and new fear fell on him: this Dublin was not a town like Ross: it was another world; a world of stone and slate, and hard hearts, not like the simple country folk. He might as well grope for his father in all Ireland as in this wilderness of labyrinths of stone. Snubbed, sneered at, rejected on all sides, he cried his sick heart and his hungry stomach to sleep in a church porch; and so he passed his first night in the capital.

Day after day the same, till at last he found a dark woman, a gentleman's cook, who listened to his tale, and gave him some broken victuals. She was an Englishwoman—her name was Martha.

One day Jemmy came for his dinner, as usual, but was disappointed. Kathleen, the kitchen-maid, informed him, with a marked elevation of the nose, that madam had gone out for the day, and locked up the safe, like a mane, miserly Sassenach as she was, bad cess to her and all her dhirty breed; but she'd be back again by five. Hungry Jemmy attended faithfully at five, in spite of the rain, and great was his surprise and awe when two chairmen brought up a chair, and there emerged from it—a duchess? No; but a fair imitation thereof; Mrs. Martha, with her income on her back, and two little black patches on her cheeks.

She smiled at his adoration, paid the chairmen loftily, who retired with expressions of adulation, and sly satirical looks at each other, and she took James by the hand, and led him to her sanctum. "Sir," said she, instead of "child," or "my dear," as heretofore, "I have been visiting my friends; and, from one to another, I have found ye my Lord Altham; as luck would have it, a countrywoman of mine, one Elizabeth Grainger, she lives in the house: but she tells me she shall give her notice." "Oh, madam! dear, good madam!" began Jemmy. "Nay, Sir," said she, "but you must hear me out. I'm afeard you will not be so welcome as you ought to be. You are a sensible little gentleman as e'er I saw; so I'll e'en tell you the truth; Mrs. Betty did let me know my Lord is in ill hands; this dame Gregory and her daughter have got him; the old woman goes about her own house like a servant; but miss, she is mistress, and games with the quality, and spends money like dirt: they are betrothed to each other, and his wife lying sick in the town, on her way back to England. Poor soul, she rues the day she ever saw this hole of a country, I'll go bail. They look for her to die—for their convenience. Well, if I was her, I'd spite 'em; I'd play the woman, and outlive the brute and the hussy both, saving your presence."

"Oh, madam, an' if it please you, where does my father live?"

"'Tis in Frapper Lane, the corner house. What, will you be going, and no supper? Nay, then, God speed you. Give me a kiss, sweetheart. So. Your breath is honey. Sir," said she, courtesying to him, all of a sudden, "I do wish you well. When you come into your estate, Sir, prithee remember Martha Knatchbull, that took your part when Fortune frowned."

"Ay, that I will, good, kind lady," said James, still overpowered by her glorious cos-

tume; and so he shuffled off, limping fast, and, in the hunger of his longing heart, forgot his hungry belly for a time.

To give the reader some idea of the house he was going to, I will sketch the domestic performances from nine o'clock on the previous evening.

Lord Altham and friends had a drinking-bout, at the end of which he was assisted to bed, and his friends sent home in chairs. But the ladies did not drink; they gamed their lives away. Mistress Anne Gregory received Lady Dace and Mistress Carmichael, and other ladies gloriously dressed, and, at first starting, most polite and ceremonious; they drank tea, and soon warmed into scandal—each accusing some other lady of her own especial vice—till at last they got upon Politics. Inflamed by this topic, they soon boiled over: voices rose over voices; not a single tongue was mute a moment; and such was the babel, that at last the fat, lazy lapdog wriggled himself erect, and looked furiously at the disturbers of his peace. Then a Neptune arose to still the raging voices: in other words, Mrs. Betty set out the card-tables. Down they sat, and soon their eyes were gleaming, and their flesh trembling with excitement. Mistress Anne Gregory held bad cards; she had to pawn ring after ring—for these ladies, being well acquainted with each other, never played on parole—and she kept bemoaning her bad luck. "Betty, I knew how 'twould be. The parson called to-day.—This odious chair, why will you stick me in it?—Stand farther, girl. I always lose when you look on." Mrs. Betty tossed her head, and went behind another lady. Miss Gregory still lost, and had to pawn her snuff-box to Lady Dace. She consoled herself by an insinuation: "My lady, you touched your wedding-ring. That was a sign to your partner here."

"Nay, madam, 'twas but a sign my finger itched. But, if you go to that, you spoke a word began with H. Then she knew you had the King of Hearts."

"That is like miss here," said another matron: "she rubs her chair when she hath Matadore in hand."

"Set a thief to catch a thief, madam," was miss's ingenious and polished reply.

"Heyday!" cries one. "Here's Spadillo got a mark on the back: a child might know it in the dark. Mistress Pigot, I wish you'd be pleased to pare your nails."

In short, they said things to each other all night, the slightest of which, among men, would have filled the Phœnix Park next morning with drawn swords: but it went for little here; they were all cheats, and knew it, and knew the others knew it; and didn't care.

It was four o'clock before they broke up, huddled on their cloaks and hoods, and their chairs took them home with cold feet and aching heads.

At twelve next day Miss Gregory was prematurely disturbed by her lap-dog, barking like a demon for his breakfast. She stretched, gaped, unglued her eyes, and rang for Betty. No answer. She rang again, and beat the wall viciously with her slipper. Betty came in yawning.

"Here, child. Let in some light. Nay, not so much: wouldst blind me? I'm dead of the vapors. Get me a dram of citron-water. So. Now bring me a looking-glass. I will lie abed. Alack! I look frightfully to-day. If ever I touch a card again! Didst ever see such luck as mine? Four Matadores, and lose Codille!"

"Nay, madam," said Mrs. Betty, who was infected with the tastes of her betters, "with submission, you played bad cards."

"Hoity-toity, wench!" cried the lady, "was ever such assurance? What is the world coming to?" And she packed her off contemptuously, to get her tea and cream.

Betty turned pale with wrath, but retired. Once outside the door, she said, "I'll be even with the jade. I'm as good as she."

Miss Gregory was at her glass when Betty returned with the tea. "Madam," said she, with a sly sneer, "the goldsmith waits below, to know if you'll redeem the silver cup."

"There, give him that for interest."

"And my Lady Dace has sent her maid."

"That is for her winnings. Never was such a dun. Here, take these ten pistoles my Lord left for the wine-merchant. They are all light, thank Heaven."

At two, being half dressed, and the room tidied, but not a window opened, she received the visit of a fop. He paid her hyperbolical compliments, at which you should have seen Mrs. Betty's lip curl, and was consulted as to where she should put her patches; but was driven out, like chaff before the wind, by a creature more attractive—to wit, a mercer with silks, patterns, and laces, from Paris: so the toilet was not complete at four, when a footman knocked at the door with, "Madam, dinner stays."

"Then the cook must keep it back. I never can have time to dress; and I am sure no living woman takes less."

However, she soon came down, distended with an enormous hoop, glorious with brocaded skirt and quilted petticoat, and cocked up on red high-heeled shoes; bedizened, belaced, powdered, pomatumed, pulvilioed, patched, perfumed, and every thing else—except washed: yet less savage than the men in one respect; the commode and all the pyramidal, scaffolded heads had gone out; her hair was her own, and, though long, was compressed into a small compass, whereas the gentlemen had full-bottomed wigs that smothered their heads, contracted their cheeks, flowed over their shoulders, and befloured their backs.

My Lord Altham and two or three other gentlemen were there, and three ladies. Lord Altham, a little dark man with a loud voice, received her with great respect, and told her they waited only for his brother, Captain Richard Annesley.

"Nay, he will not come, methinks," said she. "He and I had words t'other day."

"Nay, then, let the churl hang. Who waits?"

A flaring footman appeared, as if his string had been pulled.

"Bid them serve the dinner."

"I will, my Lord."

For the conversation during dinner, see "Swift's Polite Conversation." You will be a gainer by the exchange; for the discourse at Lord Altham's board was half as coarse, and not half so witty.

Soon after dinner the host proposed "Church and State."

From that moment the ladies were evidently on their guard, and ready for flight.

"Parson," says my Lord, "I'll tell you a merry story."

The ladies rose like one, and retired. My Lord, having achieved his end, for at this time of night the bottle was his mistress, until it became his master, substituted a toast for his song:

> "The finest sight beneath the moon
> Is to see the ladies quit the room."

He then ordered the present bottles and glasses to be exchanged for others that would not stand upright, the stems of the glasses having been knocked off, and the decanters being made like a soda-water bottle. This insured so brisk a circulation that, although they were gentlemen who had all "made their heads" in early life, the claret began to tell, as was proved by the swift alternations of superfluous ire, and hyperbolical affection, and peals of idiotic laughter; when, in the midst of the din, an altercation was heard in the hall: the disputants were three, and each voice had its own key: first there was a sweet little quavering soprano, appealing to a flaming footman; then there was a flaming footman, objurgating the cherubic voice an octave lower; then came the commanding alto of Mrs. Betty.

"What is to do?" roared Lord Altham.

"Why," said Mrs. Betty, seizing this opportunity, "'tis a young gentleman that hath traveled a hundred miles to see my Lord, and my Lord's valet denied him, being stained with travel: but 'twas ill done, and him of kin to my Lord."

"Of kin to my Lord! Nay, then, Mistress Betty, he is welcome to all here."

Betty, who had her cue from the English cook, and who was already interested in the fair sorrowful young face and golden hair, made no more ado, but led James into the room by the hand. The numerous lights in the candelabra dazzled him at first, and the fine clothes and perukes awed him; he hid against Betty's capacious apron, that descended from waist to ankle. Then he peered, and saw Lord Altham standing up, looking half pleased, half vexed: he gave a loud cry, as if his heart was flying out of his body, stretched out his arms, and flew to him. "Oh, father! father!" The sorrow he had endured, the joy and infinite trust that swallowed all sorrow up at sight of his father, both spoke in that one wild cry; it thrilled; it startled; it sent Mrs. Betty's apron to her eyes in a moment, and pierced the heart even of this silly, brutal lord.

"My boy! my sweet Jemmy!" he cried, and sat down, and folded him in his arms, and kissed him tenderly, with a mawkish tear or two.

The guests then stood up respectfully, and drank welcome to the young gentleman. "Not forgetting Mrs. Betty, that brought him to us," said the chaplain, who had a sheep's-eye to her and her savings; she was a Sassenach, and sure to have savings; Irish savings were not.

"Father," said Jemmy, "they used me very crule at that school: bad luck to it. They were always bating me, and the masther would not rise a hand for me, bekase you sent him no money for my schoolin'. Why didn't you send him his money?"

This, which would have made a Sassenach father blush, did but divert my Lord, and his company. "I kept it for yourself, Jemmy," said he.

"My Lord is a great saver, Sir. Long life to him," said another.

"Father avick, does my mother live here?" said Jemmy.

Now this question made the company very uncomfortable. It quite staggered Lord Altham for a minute. But he burst out furiously, "Thou hast no mother."

"Nay, father; then what hath come of the gentlewoman that had red shoes, two pair, made for me in Ross; and the likely woman that brought me woolen hose she had made for me herself, and called me her child?" Then, seeing my Lord silent, and much disturbed, he bethought himself, and said, "Well, if my mothers are both dead, I must love thee all the more."

Betty, who was watching Lord Altham's face very keenly all the time, now stepped forward, and took James away. She fed him, and then proceeded to ablutions. The cleanliness of his skin, dusty but not grimed, surprised her; but, above all, his head. "Gramercy," said she, "not one to be seen, and they swarm in my lady's. To be sure, that same powder is a convenient habitation."

She put him to bed; and, being a notable woman, sat up half the night, and made him a loose habit and a little hat. With this, and clean linen, and a cambric tie, she brought him to Lord Altham while Miss Gregory was abed. Lord Altham was surprised and pleased, and took him out in a chair, and had him shod on the spot, and measured for a fine suit from top to toe. He was petted by every body, and especially by Miss Gregory. This was a very clever young lady: she was not going to risk Lord Altham's affections by snubbing his son, a pretty, amiable boy. Mrs. Betty's shot missed fire: Miss Gregory went with the stream, and had two riding suits made, one for James and one for herself, and she got him a pony, and he was her cavalier. They were the glory of Dublin and the Phœnix, and had often a crowd at their tails. Their accoutrement was as follows: each had a beaver hat, gold-laced, looped, and with a handsome feather; a coat and waistcoat blazing with gold lace and gold buttons; only the lady ended in a petticoat of the same stuff, clinging close to her as a blister. She had also a little powdered peruke, like a man; her object being to seem a smart cavalier by day, and a finicking fine lady, hooped and furbelowed, at night. The only drawback was that this exquisite costume brought her mercer's bill to a climax, and he demanded payment of the following trifles, and threatened law. Fine Holland smock, one guinea; Marseilles quilted silk petticoat, three pound six; hooped petticoat, two pound five; Italian quilted ditto, ten pounds; mantua and petticoat of French brocade, seventy-eight pounds; English stays, three pounds; Italian fan, five pounds; a laced head, of Flanders point, sixty pounds; silk stockings, one pound; a black-laced hood, and a French silk *à la mode* hood, six pounds; French garters, one pound five; French bosom-knot, one pound twelve; beaver hat and feather, three pounds; ditto for James, two pounds; embroidered riding suit of Lyons velvet and gold-lace, forty-seven pounds; ditto for my young Lord, nineteen pounds; sable muff, five pounds; red shoes (English), two guineas; tippet, seven guineas; French kid gloves, two shillings and sixpence; with innumerable other articles, all for outside wear, the body linen being in the proportion of the bread to the sack in Falstaff's tavern bill. Many of these articles could have been had for half the price, if the lady would have listened to Dr. Swift, and bought Irish goods; but she would almost rather have gone bare. No, she was Irish to the core; so every thing she wore must come from England or the Continent.

This bill, and the man's threats, brought on a fit of the vapors; another fashionable importation. She rode out with Jemmy one day, to shake them off, and they met a gentleman riding, in a scarlet coat, and a hat like a bishop's mitre. He drew up, and saluted Miss Gregory stiffly, and cast a sour look at Jemmy. "Odzooks," said he, "have you got that boy in the house?"

"What matters it to you, Sir," said the lady, firing up, "since you do never come there?"

The officer explained that he and his brother, Lord Altham, had been out for some time. "To tell the truth, we are like cat and dog. Naught but want of money brings us together. You will see me now every day," said he, with a sneer: then, lowering his voice, "Madam, I desire some private conference with you. Will it please you to be at home this afternoon?"

"Certainly, Sir; in one hour."

When he was gone, she asked the boy if he knew the gentleman. James answered, very gravely, that it was his uncle, Richard Annesley, and no friend to him; "never gave me a good word nor a look in his life."

"Perhaps you are in his way," said she, with a laugh.

She gave Captain Annesley the *tête-à-tête* he had asked for, and he came to the point in a moment. Lord Altham and himself were both in want of money, and, in order to get it, had patched up their quarrels: parading Jemmy about the streets of Dublin was unseasonable, and just the thing to stop the business, or at least retard it. The money-lenders might hesitate, and say there was another interest to be thought of.

"Nay," said Miss Gregory, "that would never do; for here I am threatened for £200 and more."

Captain Annesley worked on her cupidity, till she consented to part father and son; but she refused to do it with a high hand, or with brutal severity. She could never urge the father to turn his son out of the house. Richard Annesley, as artful as he was unscrupulous, offered her his house at Inchicore, and they settled that Lord Altham should be taken out there, and every means employed to separate him from James, till the money was raised. This artful pair now put their heads together every day, and the first thing done was to discharge Mrs. Betty. She went back to England, leaving James in the house. Next all the servants were discharged, except two, who were sent on to Inchicore; and an old woman left in charge of the house and Jemmy.

Miss Gregory so worked on Lord Altham, that he hid from James where he was going, stipulating only, like a sot as he was, that Richard should look to the boy, and see he wanted for nothing.

After all, the money-lenders hesitated, on account of the previous mortgages, and my Lord remained in hiding with Mrs. Gregory and her daughter, and had to cut down his expenses, and live upon his rents.

James Annesley staid in the house, hoping every day he should be sent for: till one day an execution was put in for rent, his riding suit was seized, and he was turned out into the streets, with nothing but what he carried on his back.

Then he began to wonder, and fear. He ran to Mrs. Martha, whom he had neglected in his prosperity. She had left the town. He was amazed, confused, heart-sick. He wandered to and fro, wondering what this might mean. He had to sell his fine suit for a plain one and a very little money, and, when that was done, starvation stared him in the face. Deserted and penniless, he had hard work to live. At first, a playmate, one Byrne, brought him morsels of food in secret, and lodged him in a hayloft. Then he got into the college, and used to run errands, and black shoes. Vacation came, and even that resource failed, and then he held horses, for a half-penny or a farthing, in Ormond market, and was almost in rags: no other ragged boy so unhappy as he, since under those rags there beat the heart of a little gentleman, and rankled the deep sense of injustice and unnatural cruelty. Of late he had avoided speaking of his parentage; but, one day, insults dragged it out of him. A bigger boy was abusing him because a gentleman, liking his face, had selected him to hold his horse: the boy called him a blackguard, a beggar, and other opprobrious terms. "You lie," said James, losing all patience; "I am come of better folk than thou. My father is a Lord, and I am heir to great estates, and have been served by thy betters, and so should now, if the world was not so wicked." These words did not fall unheeded; henceforth he was the scoff of all the dirty boys in the place, and they cried "my Lord" after him. One Farrell, that kept a shop on the Quay, heard them at it, and said to his shopman, "Why, I see no hump on him: the boy is straight enough, and fair, if he were cleaned." He called James to him, and asked him why they called him "my Lord." The boy hung his head, and would not say at first, he was so used to be jeered; but, being pressed, and seeing a kindly face enough, began to tell his tale. But Farrell interrupted him. "Lord Altham," said he, "I know him—to my cost. Well, I do remember one time I went to Dunmaine for my money, and got mulled claret instead on't, there was a child there, with my lady and his nurse." James said, eagerly, that was himself. "Nay, then," said Farrell, "why not seek thy mother, Lady Altham, if she be thy mother?"

"Oh, Sir," said James, "I thought my mother was gone back to England. Oh, dear, good Sir, have pity on me, and take me to her, if she is in this wicked place."

"Child," said the man, "I know that my Lady Altham sojourned with her friend, Alderman King; but you are not fit to go there so. Come you home with me." So he took him home, and bade his wife clean him, and lend an old suit of his son that was away at school. The wife complied, with no great cordiality; and Farrell sent a line about him to Alderman King, and then called at the Alderman's house, and asked for my Lady Altham.

"Nay," said the Alderman, "my lady sailed for England a sennight ago. But, Master Farrell, what tale is this you bring me? Why, my lady never had a son."

"Oh!" cried James, as if he had been struck.

Farrell looked blank, but said, "Sure your worship is mistook."

"I tell ye, Master Farrell, she was eight months in this house, and spoke of all her troubles, and she never breathed a word about a son of hers. Did she, Mistress Avice?" turning to his housekeeper.

"She did—to *me*, Sir," said the woman, coolly. "My lady was my countrywoman, and opened her heart to me. She spoke once of her son, and said the greatest of her grief was she could never see him."

Here the Alderman was called away, and Farrell took James home in tears. "Keep a stout heart, Sir," said he; "your mother is gone; but I'll soon find your father, if he is above-ground." Farrell wanted to keep him, but his wife would not hear of it: "We have lost above £50 by that Lord Altham already. I'll have none of his breed in this house, bad scran to the dirty clan of 'em."

Now Farrell had a friend, a very honest fellow, one Purcell; so he told him the whole sto-

THE WANDERING HEIR.

"Oh, father! father!" The sorrow he had endured, the joy and infinite trust that swallowed all sorrow up at sight of his father, both spoke in that one wild cry; it thrilled; it startled; it sent Mrs. Betty's apron to her eyes in a moment, and pierced the heart even of this silly, brutal lord."—CHAPTER I.

ry one day, over a pipe. "Let me see him," said Purcell: "if I like his looks—why, we can afford to keep something young about us. But I must see him first."

So these two went to one likely place and another, and presently Farrell saw Jemmy in Smithfield, riding a horse, and pointed him out to Purcell. "Stand you aside," said Purcell, "and be not seen." He took a good look at the boy, and liked his face. "Child," said he, "what is your name?"

"James Annesley, Sir."

"Whose son are you?"

"Alas, Sir," said James, "prithee do not ask me. It makes me cry so. I'm a lost boy."

Then the honest man's bowels were moved for the child; but he would not show it all at once. "Are you Lord Altham's son?" said he, a little roughly.

"Indeed, then, I am, Sir," said he, and looked him in the face.

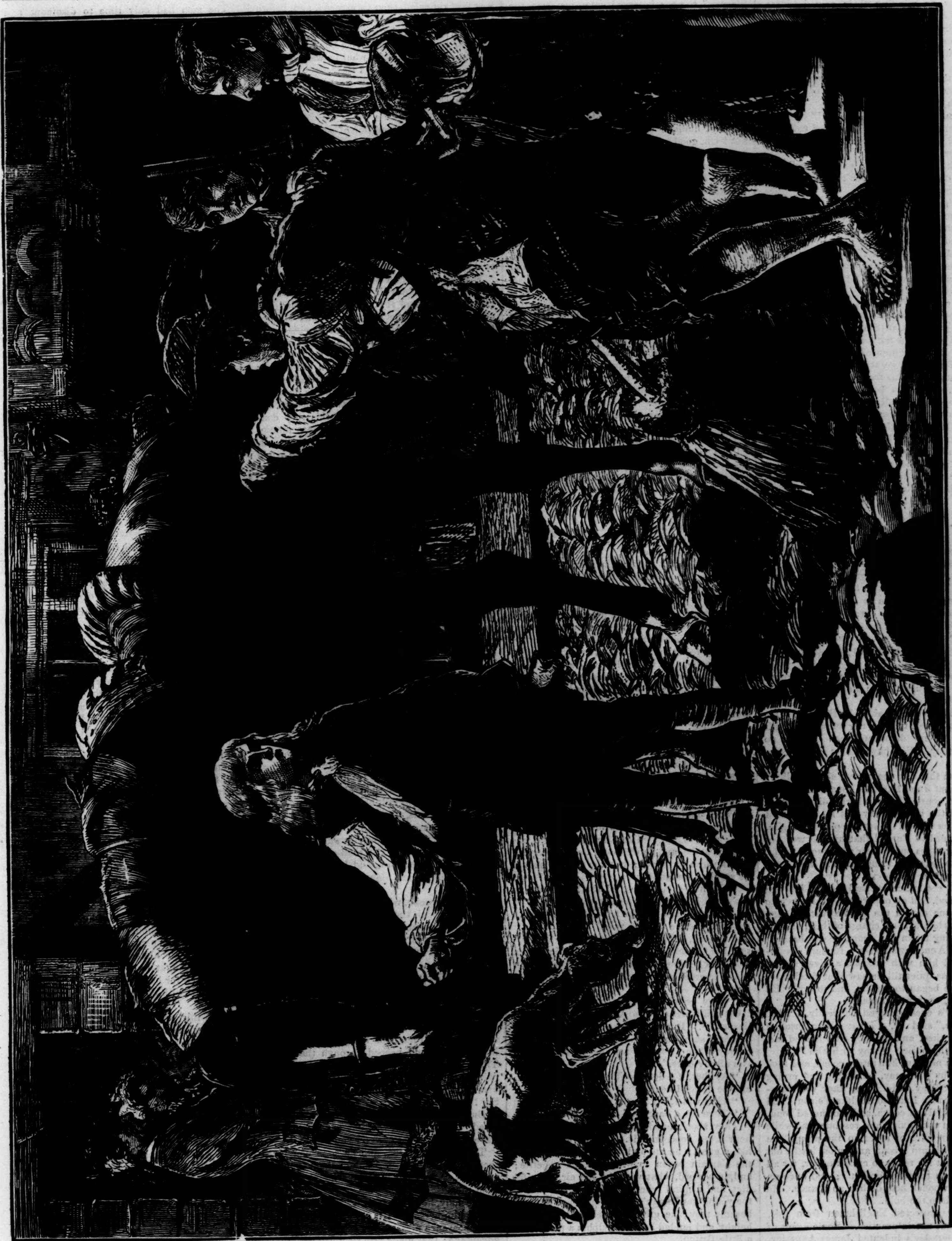
"Then," says Purcell, still a little roughly, "get you off that horse; for, if you will be a good boy, I'll take you home with me, and," says he, warmly, "you shall never want while I have it."

Then Jemmy stared at him, and the next moment fell on his knees in the market-place, and gave him a thousand blessings; "for oh, Sir," said he, "I am almost lost;" and he trembled greatly.

"Have a good heart, Sir," said Purcell, and took him by the hand, all shabby and dirty as he was, and brought him home to his wife, that was busy cooking, being a right good housewife. "There," says he, "Mary, here's a little gentleman for thee." So she looked at him, and smiled, and asked who he was. "Thou'lt know anon," said he; "but take care of him as if he was thine own." Now she was not like Farrell's wife, but one that had a good man, and knew it. "Go thy ways," said she, and gave him a merry push, "and come thou here no more till supper-time." Then he went away, and she soon had a great pot on the fire, and made the boy wash in a two-eared tub, and put decent clothes on him; and drew all his history from him with her kind words and ways; and when the honest man came home, he started at the door, for there sat his wife knitting, in her best apron, and there sat a lovely little gentleman with golden hair, leaning on her shoulder, and they were prattling together: and one was "My child," and the other was "Mammy," already. It was the happiest fireside in Ireland that night; and it deserved to be.

Here was a respite to all James Annesley's troubles. He grew, he fattened, he brightened, he loved his mammy and stout John Purcell, and they loved him.

Unfortunately, Farrell found out Lord Altham at Inchicore, and went to dun him; and told him about Jemmy. Lord Altham was shocked, and promised to remunerate both Farrell and Purcell as soon as he could raise money. Meantime he blustered to Miss Gregory, and she must have told Richard Annesley; for one



THE WANDERING HEIR.

"'You lie,' said James, losing all patience: 'I have come of better folk than thou. My father is a Lord, and I am heir to great estates, and have been served by thy betters, and so should now, if the world was not so wicked.'"—CHAPTER I.

September afternoon there walked into Purcell's shop a gentleman with a gun and a setter, and inquired, "Is there not one Purcell lives here?"

"Yes, Sir," said Purcell, "I am the man."

Then the gentleman called for a pot of beer, and sat down by the fire, inviting Purcell to partake. When the gentleman had drunk a drop, he asked Purcell if he had not a boy called James Annesley. Purcell said yes, and the gentleman said he desired to see him. Now Jemmy had been ailing a little, and was in the parlor with Mrs. Purcell, in an arm-chair, by the fire; so Purcell went in to tell him, and found him in tears. "Why, what is the matter?" said Purcell. Says the boy, "It is that gentleman: the sight of him has put such a dread on me, I don't know what to do with myself."

"Nay," said Purcell, "the gentleman is civil enough. Come and speak to him." So he came very unwillingly. The gentleman said, "So, James, how do you do?" The boy answered, stiffly, "Sir, I thank you, I am pretty well." The gentleman said, "And I am glad you have fallen into such good hands." The boy said, gravely, "Sir, I have reason to thank God for it. They are kinder to me than my own kin."

The gentleman said he must not say so, and asked him if he knew him.

"I know you well," said he; "you are my uncle, Richard Annesley." And, at the first opportunity, slipped back to his "Mammy," as he called her. He was all trembling, and she asked him why he was so, and he said, "That's a wicked man: he hates me; he hates me. He never came near me but to hurt me. I'd liever meet the Devil. Some day he will kill me."

While Dame Purcell was comforting him, and telling him nobody should harm him under her wing, Richard Annesley treated Purcell, and told him Lord Altham should recompense him; but Purcell declined that favor, and said, rather contemptuously, "When he is man enough to take his own flesh and blood into the house, he knows where to find him: but I ask no pay: I can keep a Lord's son, if his father can't, and I can love one, if his father can't; for there never was a better boy stood in the walls of a house."

Three months after this Lord Altham had a short illness, and died. He was to be buried at Christchurch, and the sexton told Mrs. Purcell the afternoon before the funeral. They buried at night, in those days. Mrs. Purcell had not the heart to keep it from the boy; he turned very pale, but he did not cry. Only he would go to the funeral. Purcell dissuaded him, and then he began to wring his hands. Mrs. Purcell had her way for once, and got him weepers, to attend.

It was a fine funeral, by torch-light. Velvets, plumes, mutes, flambeaux. One thing only was wanting—Mourners. The tenants of his vast estates—his numerous boon companions—his wife—his betrothed—his brothers, Lord Anglesey and Richard Annesley—all drinking

or gaming, or minding their own business. There stood by this wretched noble's open grave only two that cared; an old coachman, Weedon, and the poor boy he had so basely abandoned. The rest were strangers, brought there by hard curiosity.

When the coffin began to sink out of sight, the tender heart of the deserted one almost burst with grief, and wasted love.

"OH, MY FATHER! MY FATHER!" cried the desolate child; and that wild cry of woe rang in ears that remembered it, and spoke of it years after.

When he came back all in tears, Purcell said, "There, dame, I knew how 'twould be;" and he was almost angry.

"But 'tis best so, John," said she: "dear heart, when he comes to be old, would you have him remember he could not find a tear for his father, and him no more?"

"Oh, Mammy, Mammy," said James, "only one old man and me to weep for him; those he loved before me never cared for him;" and then his tears burst out afresh.

A day or two after this a message came to James Annesley that his uncle wanted to see him at Mr. Jones's, in the market. The boy refused to go. "It is not for any good, I know," said he. But he consented to accompany Mr. Purcell, if he would go armed. Stout-hearted Purcell laughed at his fears, but yielded to his entreaties, and took a thick stick. James held him fast by the skirt all the way. In the entry to Jones's three fellows slouched against the wall. "Oho!" thought John Purcell.

Mr. Annesley met him, and Purcell took off his hat, and Mr. Annesley gave him good-morning, and then, without more ceremony, called to one of the fellows to seize that thieving rogue, and take him to the proper place.

"Who do you call a thief?" said Purcell, sternly.

"Curse you," says the gentleman, "I am not speaking to you." Then he ordered the fellows again to take Jemmy away. But Purcell put the boy between his legs, and raised his stick high. "The first of you," said he, "lays a hand on him, I'll knock his brains out." Hearing him raise his voice in anger, one or two people came about the entry, and the bullies sneaked off. "You a gentleman!" said John Purcell, "and would go to destroy this poor creature you were never man enough to maintain."

"Go you and talk to his nurse," said Richard Annesley, spitefully: "she knows more of him than you do."

"This is idle chat," said John Purcell. "He has neither father, mother, nor nurse left in this kingdom, but my dame and me. Let us go home, Jemmy. We have fallen in ill company."

But from that day there were always fellows lurking about John Purcell's house; sometimes bailiffs, or constables, or sharks disguised as such; and the boy one day lost his nerve and ran away: he entered the service of a Mr. Tighe, and sent word to Purcell that his life was not safe so long as his uncle knew where to find him, and he also feared to bring him and his Mammy into trouble.

For this cowardice he paid dear. He had been watched, and an opportunity was taken to seize him one day in the open street, by men disguised as bailiffs, on a charge of theft, and instead of being taken to a court, he was brought to Richard Annesley's house. Richard Annesley charged him with stealing a silver spoon. The boy was quiet till he saw that fatal face, and then he began to scream, and to cry, "He will kill me, or transport me."

Annesley's eyes glittered fiendishly. "Ay, thou knave," said he, "I have been insulted enough for thee, and my very title denied me, because of thy noise. Away with him!"

Then the men put him into a coach, and took him along by the Quay, screaming and crying for help. "They will kill me; they will transport me, because I am Lord Altham's son:" and people followed the coach, and murmured loud. But the men were quick and resolute, and while one told some lie or other to the people, the others got him into a boat, and pulled lustily out to a ship that lay ready to cross the bar, for all this had been timed beforehand; and once on board that wooden hell, he had no chance. He was thrust into the hold.

The law protected Englishmen from this, in theory, but not in practice. Some agent of Richard Annesley's indented James Annesley, as his nearest friend, acting *at his request*, and the sole record of this act of villainy read like an act of plain unobjectionable business. He was kept in the hold, and his cries unregarded. The ship spread her pinions, and away.

Then the boy was allowed to come on deck, and take his last look of Ireland. He asked a sailor boy where they were going.

"Bound for Philadelphia," was the reply.

At the bare word the poor little wretch uttered shriek upon shriek, and ran aft, to throw himself into the sea. The man at the wheel caught him by his skirt, and had much ado to hold him, till a sailor ran up, and they got him on board again, screaming and biting like a wild-cat; the gentle boy was quite changed by desperation; for Philadelphia, though it means "Brotherly love" in Greek, meant "White Slavery" to poor betrayed creatures from the Mother Country.

Finally, after superhuman struggles, and shrieks of despair, so piteous that even the rugged sailors began to look blank, he went off into a dead swoon, and was white as ashes, and his lips blue.

"He is dead," was the cry.

"Lord forbid!" said the Captain. "Stand aloof, ye fools, and give him air."

"Oh, humane Captain!" says my reader: but "Oh, good trader Captain!" would be nearer the mark. This Richard Annesley, to save his purse, had given the Captain an interest in the boy's life. The Captain was to sell him over the water, and pocket the money. This fatal oversight elevated a human creature into Merchandise. The worthy Captain set himself in earnest to keep it alive. He fanned his Merchandise, sprinkled his Merchandise, and, when his Merchandise came to, and, with a stare and a loud scream, went off into heart-rending and distracting cries, he comforted his Merchandise, and gave it a sup of rum and water, and hurried it down into a cabin, and set a guard on it night and day, with orders to be kind to it, but very watchful: this done, he gave his mind to sailing the good ship *James of Dublin*.

But next day he was informed that the Merchandise would not eat nor drink, but was resolved to die. "Drat him; drench him," said the stout-hearted Captain. "Drench him yourself," said the mate. "I'm sick on't."

Then the Captain bade the cook prepare a savory dish, and brought it down to James: "Eat this, Sir," said he, as one used to be obeyed. The young gentleman made no reply, but his eyes gleamed. The Captain drew his hanger with one hand, and stuck a two-pronged fork into a morsel with the other. "Eat that, ye contrary toad," said he, "or I'll make minced collops of thee."

The boy took the morsel.

"So!" said the Captain, sneering over his shoulder at the mate.

The boy spat it furiously in his face. "May God sink thy ship, thou knave, that wouldst steal away a nobleman's son, and sell him for a slave."

The Captain drew back a moment, like a dog a hen has flown at, and had hard work not to cut him in two: but he forbore, and said, "Starve, then, and feed the fishes:" and so left the cabin.

The mate, who was at his back all the time, told the boatswain, young master was a nobleman's son, and was being spirited away, and there was "Foul Play" in it. Some remarks were made which it was intended the Captain should hear. He took them up directly. "A nobleman's son," said he, "ay: but only a Merrybegot: and so given to thieving, he will do no good at home. Why, 'twas his own uncle shipped him—for his good."

This quieted the men directly, and from that moment they made light of the matter.

When James was downright faint with hunger, the Captain took quite another way with him; went to him, and said he feared there was some mistake, and he was sorry he had been led to take him on board; but the matter should be set right on landing.

"No, no," said James, "I shall be bound as a slave. May God revenge me on my wicked uncle. I see now why he has done this—to rob me of my estate and my title."

"Indeed, I begin to think he is to blame," said the Captain. "But why take fright at a word, Sir? None can make you a slave for life, as the negroes are, but only an apprentice for a time."

"I am beholden to you, Sir," said James: "but call it what you will, 'tis slavery; and I'd liever die. But promise to send me back by the first ship, and I will give you a hatful of money, when I come to my rights, and pray for you all my days."

"Ay, but, if I do so, will you eat and drink, and be of good heart?"

"That will I, Sir."

"Then 'tis a bargain."

They shook hands upon it; and from that hour were good friends. James was treated like a guest: he ate and drank so heartily that the Captain began to wince at his appetite; and, in a word, what with the sea air, plentiful diet, and a mind relieved from fear of slavery, the young gentleman's cheeks plumped out and became rosy; he grew an inch and a half in height, and landed at Philadelphia a picture of a little Briton.

The planters boarded the ship, the Captain threw off the mask, and sold him directly, for a high price, to one Drummond.

James raged, and cried, and demanded to be taken before a justice.

Then, for the first time, the Captain produced papers, all prepared by Richard Annesley, under legal advice. The colony wanted labor, and was ill-disposed to sift the evidence that furnished it: it all ended in Drummond carrying his white slave home to Newcastle County.

Next morning, at five o'clock, he found himself engaged, with other slaves, black and white, cutting pipe-staves, and an overseer standing by, provided with a whip of very superior construction to any thing he ever saw in Ireland.

Being only a boy, and new at the work, he was first ridiculed, then threatened, and, before the day ended, the whip fell on his shoulders, stinging, branding, burning his back much, his heart more, for then this noble boy felt, with all his soul and all his body, what he was come to: an ox—an ass—a beast—a slave.

CHAPTER II.

IN this miserable condition of servitude James Annesley remained nearly seven years, having been indented for an extreme period; and many a sigh he heaved, and many a tear he shed in solitude, thinking of what he had been, and what he had a right to be, and what he was. But, being now a full-grown young man, tall, and very robust, he could do his work, and his misery was alleviated by caution; but, above all, by the blessed thought that his servitude was drawing to an end: since a white man could only be bound for a limited term.

But let all shallow statesmen, and pedantic lawyers, who trifle with the equal rights of humanity, be warned that you can not play fast and loose with things so sacred. The Mother Country, in its stupidity, allowed its citizens to be made slaves for a time: the pilgrim fathers and their grandchildren, though no men ever valued liberty more in their own persons, or talked more about it, had not that *disinterested* respect for it which marks their noble descendants; and so they, by a by-law or custom, enlarged the term of servitude; this they contrived by ordering that if one of these temporary slaves misbehaved grossly, and, above all, attempted escape, his term of servitude could be enlarged in proportion, by judges who were in the interest of the planters.

So the game was, when the white slave's term of servitude drew near, to make his life intolerable: then, in his despair, he rebelled, or ran for it, and was recaptured, and re-enslaved, by this By-law passed in the Colony.

"Where there's a multitude there's a mixture," and not every planter played this heartless dodge: but too many did, and no man more barbarously than this Drummond. By the help of an unscrupulous overseer, who did and said whatever he was ordered, he starved, he insulted, he flogged, he made his slave's life intolerable: and so, in a fit of desperation, James started one night for the Delaware River; he armed himself with a little bill-hook, for he was quite resolved not to be taken alive.

In the morning they found he was gone, and followed him, horse and foot.

But they did not catch him, for rather a curious reason: he had the ill-luck to miss his road, and got to the Susquehanna instead.

He found his mistake when too late; but he did not give up all hope; for he saw some ships, and a town, into which he resolved to penetrate, at night-fall: it was then about ten o'clock. Meantime he thought it best to hide; and, coming to two roads, one of which turned to his right and passed through a wood, he turned off that way, and lay down in shelter, and unseen, though close to the road-side. Here fatigue overpowered him, and he went to sleep, fast as a church, and slept till four in the afternoon.

Then he awoke, with voices in his ears, and, peeping through the leafy screen, he saw, with surprise, that there was company close to him: there was a man haltering a horse to a tree near him, and another already haltered; a gentlewoman in a riding habit stood looking on, while another man drew provisions and wine from some saddle-bags, and spread a cloth on the grass, and made every preparation for a repast.

Then they all three sat down and enjoyed themselves, so that poor hungry James sighed involuntarily, and peeped through the leaves. The lady heard him, turned, saw him, screamed, pointed at him, and in a moment the men were upon him with drawn swords, crying "Traitor! Spy!"

But James whipped behind a tree, and parleyed. "No traitor, Sir, but a poor runaway slave, who never set eyes on you before."

The men hesitated, and he soon convinced them of his innocence. One of them laughed, and said, "Why, then, there's naught to fear from thee."

The lady, however, still anxious, cross-questioned him herself. His answers satisfied her, his appearance pleased her, and it ended to his advantage; they made him sit down with them, and eat and drink heartily.

At last the lady let out they were fugitives too, and could feel for him, and she said, "We are going on board a ship bound for Holland. She lies at anchor, waiting for us; and, if you can run with us, we will e'en take you on board. But in sooth we must lose no time."

They started. The gentleman had the lady behind him, and James ran with his hand on the other horse's mane; but losing breath, the man, who was well mounted, took him up behind him. Night fell, and then they went more slowly, and James, to ease the good horse, walked by his side.

But presently there was a fierce galloping of horses behind them, and lights seemed flying at them from behind. The lady looked back, and screamed, "'Tis he himself; we are lost!"

The men had only time to dismount and draw their swords, when the party was upon them, with a score of blades flashing in the torch-light. The men defended themselves, and James, forgetting it was no quarrel of his, laid about him with his bill-hook; but the combat was too unequal. In three minutes the lady, in a dead swoon, was laid before one horseman, her lover and his servant were bound upon their own horses, and James was worse treated still, for his hands were tied together, and fastened to a horse's tail.

In this wretched plight they were carried to the nearest village, and well guarded for the night in separate rooms.

At daybreak they were marched again, and James Annesley, in that horrible attitude of a captive felon, was drawn at a horse's tail through four hooting villages, and lodged in Chester jail.

Law did not halt here: they were all four put to the bar, and then first he learned, by the evidence, who his companions were, and what he had been doing when he drew bill-hook in their favor.

The lady was daughter of a trader in this very town of Chester. Her father, finding her in love with some one beneath her, had compelled her to marry a rich planter. She hated him, and, in evil hour, listened to her lover, who persuaded her to fly with all she could lay her hands on. The money and jewels were found in the saddle-bags. The husband was vindictive, the crime twofold. The guilty pair, the servant, and James, who was taken fighting on their side, were condemned.

James made an effort to separate his fate from the others. He told the judge who he was, and what master he had run away from; declared it was a mere accident his being there; he had been surprised by the sudden attack on persons, who, whatever their faults, had been good to him. The judge took a note while he was pleading in arrest of judgment, but said nothing; and they were all four condemned to stand on the gallows for one hour with a rope round their necks, to be whipped on their bare backs with so many lashes *well laid* on, and then imprisoned for several years.

CHAPTER III.

Two little rivers meet, and run to the sea, as naturally as if they had always meant to unite: yet, go to their sources in the hills, how wide apart! How unlikely to come together, or even approach each other! Why, one rises South, and the other Northeast; and they do not even look the same way, at starting. It is hard to believe they are doomed to trickle hither and thither, meander and curve, and meet at last, to part no more.

And so it is with many human lives: the facts of this story compel me to trace, from their tiny sources, two human currents, that I think will bear out my simile. The James Annesley river is set flowing; so now for the Joanna Philippa Chester, and Old England.

She was the orphan daughter of two very superior people, who died too young. Her mother was a Spaniard, her father an Englishman, and a lawyer of great promise. They had but this child. She inherited her mother's jewels, and thirteen thousand pounds: her father, impressed by some cruel experience in his own family, had an almost morbid fear lest she should be caught up by some fortune-hunter, and married for her money, she being a black-browed girl with no great promise of beauty at that time. During his last illness he thought much of this, and spoke of it very earnestly to the two gentlemen he had appointed her trustees. These two, Mr. Hanway and Mr. Thomas Chester, hated each other decently, but sincerely. Mr. Chester knew that, and, with a lawyer's shrewdness, counted a little on it, as well as on their attachment to himself, to get his views carried out. He made them promise him, in writing, that Joanna's fortune should be concealed from her until she should be twenty-four, or some worthy person, unacquainted with her means, should offer her a marriage of affection: she was to be brought up soberly, taught to read and write very well, and cast accounts, and do plain stitching, but never to sit at a harpsichord nor a sampler. She was to live with Mr. Hanway, at Colebrook, till she was seventeen, and then with Mr. Thomas Chester, her uncle, till her marriage. Each trustee, in turn, to receive £100 a year for her board and instruction. Her fortune was all out at good mortgage, paying larger interest than is to be had on that security nowadays.

The £100 a year was of some importance to Mr. Hanway, and he was not at all sorry that Joanna Philippa was to be taught only what he and his housekeeper could teach her: that saved expense. He did teach her, an hour every day, and she was so quick that, at ten years old, she could read, and write, and sum better than a good many Duchesses. But the rest of the day she was entirely neglected: so she was nearly always out-of-doors, acquiring more health and strength, and freckles, than a girl is entitled to, and playing pranks that ought to have been restrained. She was at this time a most daring girl, and she always played with

the boys, and picked up their ways, and, by superior intelligence, became their leader. From them she learned to look down on her own sex; and the women, in return, called her a Tomboy and a witch: indeed, there was something witch-like in her agility, her unbounded daring and her great keen gray eyes, with thickish eyebrows, black as jet, that actually met, not on her brow, but—with a slight dip—on the bridge of her nose.

One summer afternoon, being then about eleven, she had just ridden one of Farmer Newton's horses into the water to drink, according to her custom, and driven the others in before her, when she became aware of a gentleman in black, with a pale but noble face, looking thoughtfully at her. It was the new vicar, a learned clerk from Oxford. He smiled on her, and said, "My young madam, may I speak with you?" He knew who she was.

"Ay, Sir," says she; and in a moment, from riding astride like a boy, she whipped one leg over and was seated like a woman, and brought the horse out, and slid off down his fat ribs, and lighted like a bird at the parson's feet, and took her hat off to him, instead of courtesying. "Here be I," said the imp.

"My dear," says the vicar, "that is not a pastime for a young gentlewoman."

Joanna hung her head.

"Not," said the parson, "that I would deprive you of amusement, at your age; that were cruel: but—have you no little horse of your own to ride?"

"Nay, not so much as a Jenny ass. Daddy Hanway is—I know what he is, but I won't say, till we are better acquainted."

"Come, come, we are to be better acquainted, then."

"Ay, an' you will. Now may I go, Sir?"

"Why, we have not half made acquaintance. Madam, I desire to show you my house."

"Alack! And I am dying to see it. So come on;" and she caught him by the hand with a fiery little grasp.

"Have with you, then!" cried the parson, affecting excitement, and proposed a race to the vicarage: so they sped across the meadow. His reverence was careful to pound the earth, and make a great fuss, but not to beat the imp, who, indeed, skimmed along like a swallow.

"There," said she, panting, "there's none can beat me at running in this parish, except that Dick Caulfield. Od rabbit him!"

The vicar allowed that refined expression to pass, for the present, and took her into his study.

"Oh, Jiminy!" she cried; "here's books! I ne'er thought there were as many in the world."

"What, you are fond of books?" said he, eagerly.

"I dote on 'em; especially voyages. I have read every book in our house twice over; there's the Bible, and *Culpepper's Herbal*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the *Ready Reckoner*, and the Prayer-Book, and a volume of the *Spectator*, and the *Book of Receipts*, and the *Book of Thieves*."

"And which do you like the best of all those?"

"Why, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, to be sure. 'Tis all travels."

"Strange," said the clergyman, half to himself, "that a girl born in a country village should be so fond of travels."

"Country village!" said she. "Drat the country village. I ran away from it once; but they caught me at Hounslow. I was only eight: better luck next time, Parson."

"Nay, Mistress Joanna—"

"An't please you, call me Philippa. I like that name best."

"Well, then, Mistress Philippa, I am of your mind about traveling. My studies, and a narrow income somewhat drawn upon by poor relations, have kept me at home: but my mind has traveled on the wings of books, as yours shall, Mistress Philippa, if you please. See, here's Purchase for you, and Dampier, Cowley, Sharpe, Woodes Rogers, where you shall find the cream of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Stout John Dunton*, and *Montaigne's Travels*, short, but priceless. Here be *Coryat's Crudities*, and *Moryson's Itinerary*, two travelers of the good old school, that footed Europe, and told no lies. Ay, Philippa, often as I sat in my study, or meditated beneath the stars, have I longed to escape the narrow terms of this small island, and see the strange and beautiful world: first of all, the Holy Land, where still the vine, the olive-tree, and the corn field, grow side by side; where the Dead Sea rolls o'er those wicked cities, and Lot's wife, in salten pillar, still looks on: to see Rome, that immortal city where ancient and modern history meet and mingle in monuments of surpassing grandeur and beauty. Then would I run East again, and behold the mighty caves of Elephanta, monument of a race that is no more; the Pyramids of Egypt, and her temples approached by avenues of colossal sphinxes a mile long. Thence to the pole, and see its spectral glories, great temples and palaces of prismatic ice, of which this new poet, Mr. Pope, singeth well—

'As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears
The gathered winter of a thousand years.'

Then away to sunny lands, where forever the sky is blue, and flowers spring spontaneous, and the earth poureth forth pines, and melons, and luscious fruits, without the hand of man,

—'And universal Pan,
Knit with the graces and the hours in dance,
Leads on the eternal Spring.'

Then I would see the famous mountains of the world: Ararat, where the ark rested, as the waters of the flood abated. Teneriffe's peak, shaped like a sugar-loaf, and by mariners seen often in the clear glassy sky one hundred miles at sea; and, above all, the mighty Andes, so high that no aspiring cloud may reach his bosom, and his great eye looks out ever calm, from the empyrean, upon half the world."

The scholar would have gone on, dreaming aloud, an hour more; but his words, that to him were only words, were fire to the aspiring girl, and set her pale and panting. "Oh, Parson!" she cried; "for the love of God, take hat, and come along to all those placen:" and she crammed his hat into his hand, and tugged at him amain.

"My young mistress," said he, gravely, "you do use that sacred name too lightly."

"Well, then, for the love of the devil: I care not: so we do go this minute."

Then he held up his finger, and, with kind and soothing words, cooled this fiery creature down a little, and put Dampier's Voyages into her hand. Down she flung herself—for it was erect as a dart, or flat as a pancake, with this young gentlewoman; no half measures—and sucked the book like an egg.

He gave her the right to come and read when she pleased; and, from this beginning, by degrees, she became his pupil very willingly.

He played the viola di gamba himself; so he asked her, did she like music?

"No," said she; "I hate it."

Would she like to draw, and color?

"Ay. But not to keep me from my travels."

It turned out that she had an excellent gift at drawing, and a fine eye for color: so, with instruction, she soon got to draw from nature, and to color very prettily; the only objection was, in less than six months from the first lesson, every road-side barn-door within five miles presented a gross caricature, in chalk, of the farmer who owned it, and often of his wife and family, into the bargain. The number and distance of these "sculptures," as she was pleased to call them (why, I know not), revealed an active foot, a skillful hand, and a heart not to be daunted by moonlight.

The parson tried to break her spirit—with arithmetic. But no: she was all docility and goodness, by his side; she would learn arithmetic, or any thing else, with a rapidity that nothing but a precocious girl ever equaled; but a daring demon, when he was not at her back.

In vain he begged her to consider that she was now thirteen years old, and must begin to play the gentlewoman: "I can not," said she: "gentlewomen are such mincing apes. The boys they scorn them, and so do I; they make me sick. Parson," said she, "I love you;" and she made but one spring, and her arms were round his neck with the same movement. "Grant me a favor," said she, "because I love you. Have me made a boy. 'Twill not cost much."

The parson looked at her gazing imploringly right into him with her great eyes, and was sore puzzled what she would be at now. However, the explanation followed in due course.

"Why," said she, "'tis but the price of a coat and waistcoat and breeches, instead of these things," slapping her petticoats contemptuously; "and then I *am* a boy. Oh! 'twill be sweet to have my freedom, and not be checked at every word, because I am a she."

"Why, what stuff is this, child?" said his reverence: "putting thee in boy's clothes will not make thee a boy."

"Yes, it will. You know it will; nay, to be sure, there's my hair; but I can soon cut that."

"Now, Philippa," said her preceptor, "I can not have you cutting your beautiful hair—which is a woman's crown—and talking nonsense. Hum!—the truth is—ahem—when once one has been christened Joanna Philippa in the church, one is a girl forever."

"Alas!" whined Philippa, "and is it so? Methought it was the clothes the old folk put us in that did our business." Then, going into a fury, "Oh, why did not I scratch their eyes out when they came to christen me a girl? Why cried I not aloud, 'No! No! No!—A BOY!—A BOY!'"

"Well, we must make the best of it, my dear. I will read you what Erasmus saith, in his *Gynæco-Synedrion*, of the female estate, and its advantages. Then you will see that each condition of life hath its comforts and its drawbacks."

The compass of my tale does not permit me to deal largely in conversations; otherwise the intercourse of this gentle scholar's mind, and this sharp girl's, was curious and interesting enough. It left Philippa, at fourteen years of age, very superior to the ladies of the period, in reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, walking, leaping, and running; but far more innocent, in spite of her wildness, than if she had consorted with the women of that day, whose tongues were too often foul.

At this time the good parson fell ill, and, having friends in office, obtained leave to go on the Continent.

He returned in two years, and found his pupil transformed into a tall, beautiful girl; even her black brows became her now, and dazzled the beholder. But such a change! She was now extremely shy; avoided the boys, blushed whenever they spoke to her, and played the prude even with her late preceptor. She had a great many new ideas in her head: need I say that Love was one of them? But, as there was nobody in the parish that approached the Being she had fixed on—young, beautiful, fair, brave, good, and that had made the grand tour—her favorite companion, after all, was the good parson: only she now approached even him with a vast show of timidity. To tell the truth, she had just as much devil in her as ever; but, on the surface, was mighty guarded, demure, and bashful.

And now, all of a sudden, came a lover. Mr. Hanway, seeing the time draw near when he must surrender to the other trustee, could not resist the temptation of trying to get her for his son Silas. Silas was older than she, though he looked but a hobbadehoy. The old man, to carry out his scheme, indulged miss with a pony, and a moderately masculine riding dress, with a little purple velvet cap and white feather, very neat, and set Silas to ride with her. She used to pace out of sight demurely, then dash out of the road into the fields, and away as the crow flies, over hedge and ditch, depositing Silas in the latter now and then. She treated his clumsy courtship with queenly contempt, and once, when he went to kiss her, she fetched him a slap that made his ears ring famously.

One day, when Mr. Hanway was out, this young lady, who was now mighty curious, and always prying about the house, gave the old gentleman's desk a shake with both hands. She had often admired this desk: it was of enormous size and weight, and sculptured at the sides; an antique piece of furniture. When she shook it something metallic seemed to ring at the bottom. She looked inside, and there was nothing but papers. "That is odd," thought Joanna Philippa. She shook it again. Same metallic sound. Then, with some difficulty, though she was a most sinewy girl, she turned it over, and saw a little button scarcely perceptible. She pressed it, and lo! a drawer flew out at quite another part of the desk. That drawer dazzled her: it was literally full of sparkling jewels, some of them very beautiful and valuable. She screamed with surprise; she screamed again with delight. She knew, in a moment, they were her mother's jewels, which Mr. Hanway had told her were a few trifling things, not to be shown her till her twenty-first birthday, and then she was to have them for her own.

"Oh, thou old knave!" said she. She did not hesitate one moment. "I'll have them, and keep them, too, if I hang for it; for they are mine." So she swept them all into her apron, and flew up stairs with them, and hid them: then back again, and put the desk straight.

That night she had them all on, one after another, before she went to bed, and marched about the room like a peacock, surveying herself.

Next day she took fright, and carried them out of the house, and hid them in the thatch of an old cart-house that was never used nowadays, so not likely to be repaired.

On moonlight nights she would sometimes take a little hand-glass out, and wear the diamond cross and brooch, and parade with them sparkling in the moonlight. Her bedroom commanded a view of this sacred cart-shed, and she always took a look at it the last thing before she went to sleep.

Silas was to go to London, to be articled as a lawyer's clerk. His father thought now was the time to make a lasting impression; so he provided the youth with a ring to give her, and instructed him that he must kiss her at parting, say he loved her dearly, and get her to betroth herself to him, and so put the ring on her finger.

When the time came, miss was on the lawn hoeing weeds out of the gravel. Silas went to her with the ring. Mr. Hanway was dressing, but he managed to peep behind a curtain at the approaching ceremony.

It did not go smooth. The girl was ready to give Silas a civil good-by; but at the very mention of love, she laughed him to scorn. That nettled him; and he told her she would be very lucky to get as good a husband. "Come, sweetheart," said he, "here's the ring. E'en let me put it on thy hand, and give us a buss at parting."

"I'll take no ring of thine," said the girl, beginning to pant at the double proposal. "I'd rather die than wed thee."

"And I'd rather die than not wed thee." He threw his arms round her neck, and dragged her to him.

"Let me go," she screamed. "You are a churl and a ruffian. I'll not be used so."

She struggled violently, and screamed, and when nothing else would do, she tore herself clear, with a fierce cry, all on fire with outraged modesty and repugnance, and gave him a savage blow on the bridge of the nose with her little hoe: it brought him to one knee; and with that she was gone like the wind, and flung herself, sobbing, into a garden-seat, out of sight.

Now this severe blow was not dangerous, but it made the lover's nose bleed profusely. It bled a great deal as he kneeled, half stupefied, and, when he got up a little way, it bled freely again: he thought it would never leave off. His love was cooled forever. All he cared about now was not spoiling his new clothes: so, after a while he walked away very slowly, with his nose projecting, like a gander's; and he was scarcely clear of the premises, when Joanna Philippa, who had peeped, and seen him off, came back to her occupation, looking as demure and innocent as any young lady you ever saw. She was rather dismayed, though, when she found the grass incarnadined, and the gardener's turf-cutter literally drenched with blood, both blade and handle.

While she was contemplating this grim sight, and wishing she had not hit so hard, the old man came at her all of a sudden, white with rage. "Ay, look at your work, you monster," he cried, "and the poor boy leaving us for good. You have killed him, or nearly, and I'll trounce you for it." He griped her by the arm, and raised his cane over her head.

She was terrified, and cried for mercy. "Oh, uncle, I did not mean. Oh, pray don't kill me! don't kill me!"

He did not mean to kill her, nor even hurt her, but, in his paternal rage, he struck her a great many times about her petticoats, which made a great noise. She screamed all the time; only at first it was, "Don't kill me!" and then, "Don't degrade me!"

"There," said he, "let that teach thee not to be so ready with thy hands, thou barbarous, ungrateful jade!"

But now she confronted him, in silence, with a face as white as death, and eyes that glared, and her black brows that looked terrible by the contrast with her ashy cheek, a child no more, but a beautiful woman outraged. She said nothing, but gave him that one tremendous look, then fled, with a cry of shame and anguish. She flew to the cart-house, took out her jewels, and in three minutes she was out of the premises. She darted down one lane, and up another, till she got on the high-road to London. She entered the city at ten o'clock that evening, and slept at an inn.

Next morning she lay in bed a while, thinking what she should do to avoid being captured, as in her childish days. She thought the best thing was to make a change in her costume; so she sold one of her rings, and took a modest lodging, and bought some stuffs, and set to work to make a suit such as she saw worn by tradesmen's daughters of the better sort. All her fear was to be captured, and her mother's jewels taken from her. They were all her fortune, she thought; and, besides, she loved them.

One day, just before the new clothes were ready, and being weary of confinement, she strolled abroad, and seeing a chocolate-house, whipped on her mask, and entered it. While she was sipping her chocolate, a spark handed her the *Daily Post*, with a low bow, by way of preliminary to making her acquaintance. She thanked him so modestly, he hesitated, and let her read the paper in peace. It was a miserable sheet, with very little in it; but there was a curious advertisement:

"*April* 26.—Lost or mislaid, one pair large brilliant ear-rings, with drops of the first water; one diamond cross; three large bars for the breast (diamonds of the first water); large pearl necklace; brooch of sapphire and brilliants; one large ruby ring; one emerald and brilliants; one locket, set with amethyst and rose diamonds. If offered to be sold, pawned, or valued, pray stop 'em (*sic*), and *the party*, especially if a young lady, and give notice to Mr. Drummond, goldsmith, at Charing Cross, and you shall receive 200 guineas reward."

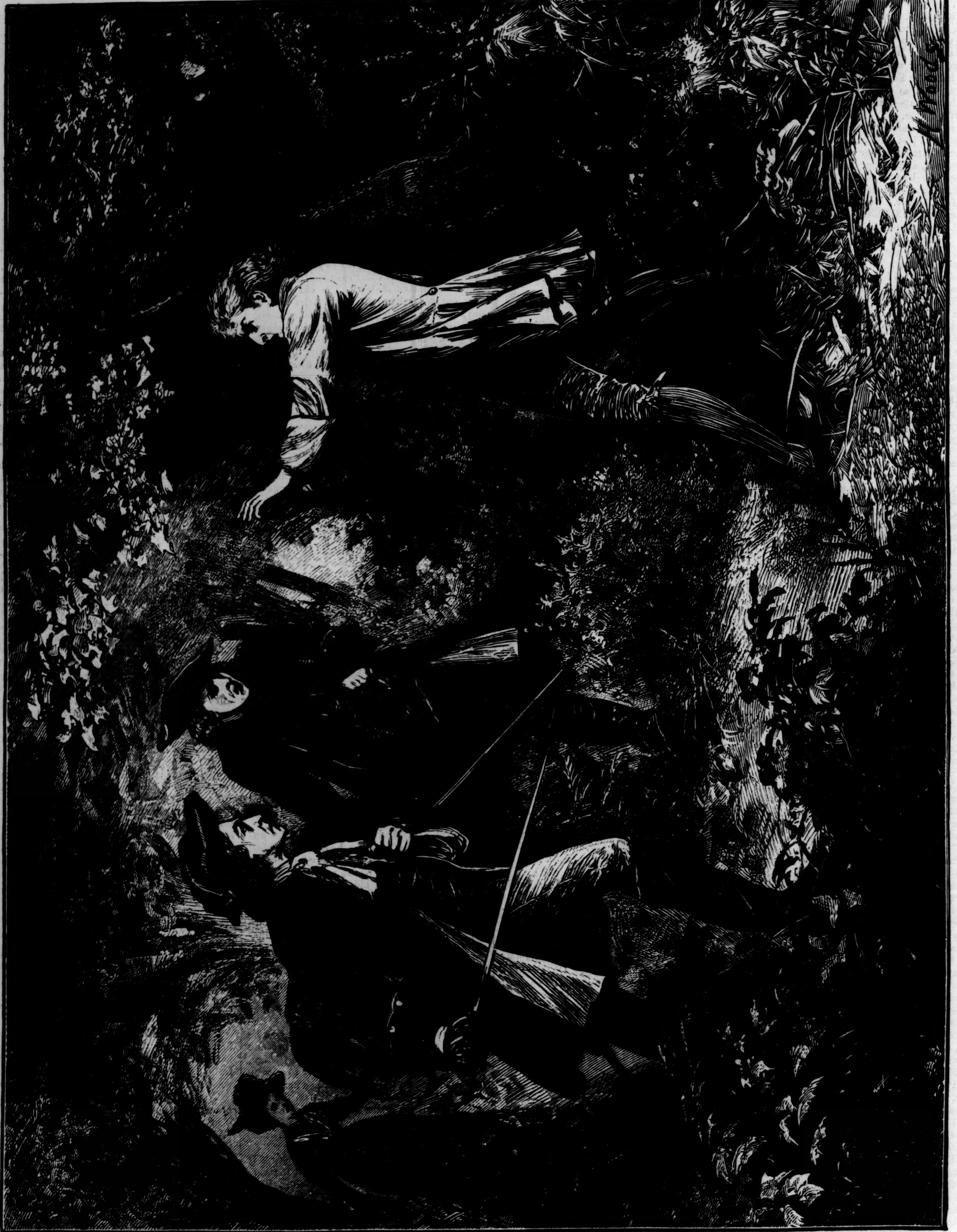
The paper almost fell from her hands, at first; yet, with the fine defensive cunning of her sex, she sipped her chocolate quite slowly, feeling very cold all the time; and then she went home.

The advertisement was very well worded for others; but falling unluckily into her hands, it disquieted as well as terrified her. "My jewels!" said she: "not me. He means to steal them. Well, he shall never see them nor me again."

She carried her new dress to a shop that sold masquerade dresses, and she easily exchanged it for a seaman's holiday dress, a merchant captain's or mate's. She brought it home in a bundle. She purchased a trunk, and paid her landlady, and then she had only a crown left and her jewels.

She took a coach, it being now dark, and had the hardihood to change her clothes in the coach. The sea-faring man's dress fitted her so loosely, she had no trouble. The moment she had got into it, her native courage revived, and she was ready to dance for joy. "Now find your young gentlewoman, and her jewels," said she. "Nay, but I'll put the sea between us rather." She had noticed some clean-looking lodgings, so she made the coachman stop there. When he let her out, he started at the metamorphosis, but she put her finger to her lips, and said, "Only a masquerading folly," and gave him her last shilling.

The landlady received the handsome young mate, all smiles, and they soon came to terms. In the morning she melted a jewel, and paid



THE WANDERING HEIR.

"But James whipped behind a tree and parleyed. 'No traitor, Sir, but a poor runaway slave, who never set eyes on you before.' The men hesitated, and he soon convinced them of his innocence. One of them laughed, and said, 'Why, then, there's naught to fear from thee.'"—CHAPTER II.

the landlady a week in advance. Then she took out her female costume, and pawned it. She purchased shirts, and good stockings of wool and cotton; and marched about with a little hanger by her side, but was mighty civil, not feeling desirous to draw the said hanger. She always gave a fine gentleman the wall.

She now asked the prices of jewels at many places; and, hearing of a good ship bound for America, she sold a ring, called herself a merchant's son, dressed accordingly, and sailed, a passenger, to Boston, in the bay of Massachusetts.

Her first intention was to be a woman again, as soon as she got there. But there was what they called in those days "a Spirit" on board the ship, a gasconading agent, working for the planters; he told her such a tale about the American colonies, and how any man could dig a fortune there, that she agreed to indent as servant and book-keeper, and see whether it would suit her; she thought it was no use being idle in man's clothes; indeed, she had too much energy. She was easily led into signing an indenture, the full effect of which she did not comprehend: yet she was sharp enough to read the paper, and bargain that she was to do no work but keeping accounts and overlooking laborers, and this the agent wrote in, sooner than lose the prettiest young fellow he had ever seen: and, to make a long story short, a rich planter from Delaware acquired this prize, and carried her off to a first-rate farm near Willingtown.

There she remained a year, affording perfect satisfaction to her employer; reading every book she could lay hold of, taking in knowledge at every pore, flattering and so winning the women, and watching the men like a very cat, to know their minds. This study amused her greatly.

She left the seeds of trouble behind her. At seven o'clock that very evening she ran away Mr. Hanway's gardener, whose cottage was on the premises, took in his turf-cutter, and showed it to his wife, all bloody. He laughed, and said, "Why, one would think they had been a pig-killing with this here."

His wife, instead of laughing, gave a scream, and then fell a-trembling. "Oh dear!" said she. "We shall hear more of this." Then she told him she had heard some poor creature crying for mercy, and saying, "Oh, don't kill me! don't kill me!" and after that she had heard heavy blows. "Oh, John!" said she, "put it away from me, for I do feel sick at sight on't." So he went and put the turf-cutter away in the tool-house, just as it was. When he came back, he asked her if she knew whose voice it was that had cried for mercy.

"How can I tell, all that way off?" said she. "'Twas a woman's voice, for certain: alack! ask me not, John; I'm afeard of my own thoughts."

"Well, keep them to thyself, then: we have got a good place. Least said is soonest mended."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]